

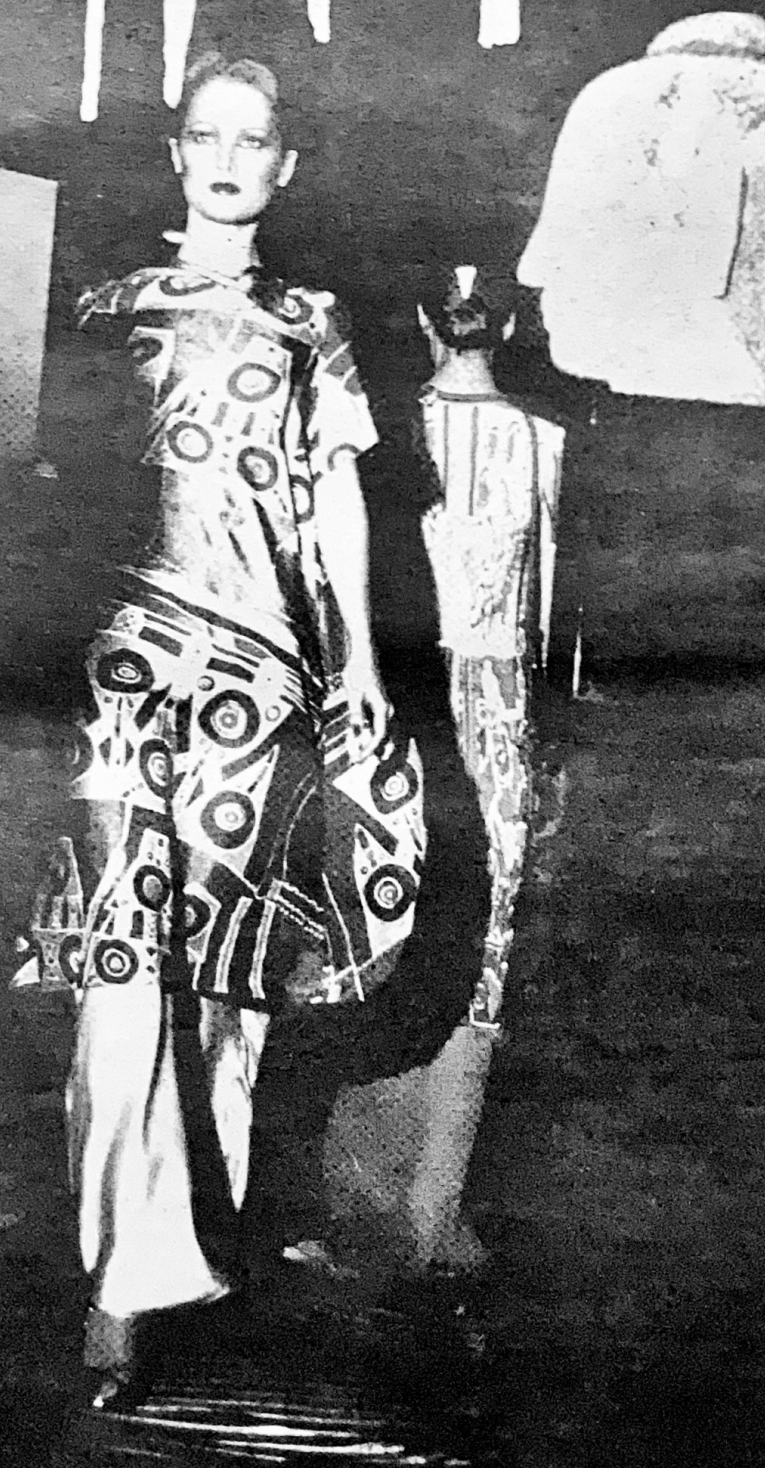
Andy Warhol's Interview

Apr
75¢

NO. 17
1984

Ginger Rogers

Mary McFadden



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Cover: Ginger Rogers courtesy "Movie Mirror," from the archives of Lester Glassner, painted and designed by Richard Bernstein.

This page: Edie Beale, star of "Grey Gardens" in her debutante days.

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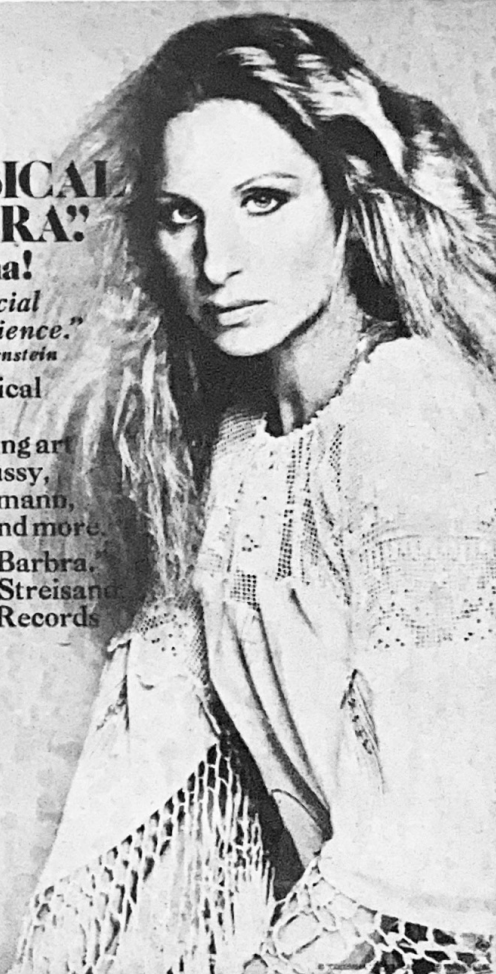
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Viewgirl

April's Viewgirl, NINA GAIDAROV, was born a Princess in Bulgaria a few days before the monarchy fell, forcing our aristobaby to exile in Switzerland. Now all grown up, and noble nonetheless, Nina commutes between New York and Paris, where her bubbly presence complements the champagne at all the best parties, discos and openings.

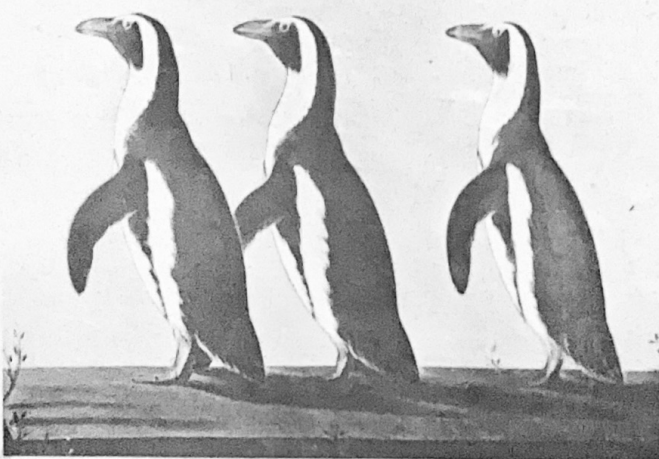
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INTER MAN

April's Interman, DAVID HERING, hails from Niagara Falls, which may explain why the dancing girls at Tropicallia, one of his preferred nightspots, are constantly asking him to take them honeymooning.
Contact: Zoll.

CAPOTE

answered questions

redacted by Chris Hemphill

Fresh from his movie debut in Neil Simon's upcoming *MURDER BY DEATH*, Truman Capote sped in and out of the city which won't shut up about it's first glimpse of his new novel, *ANSWERED PRAYERS*. Dapper in black on black, Truman brought his one-man three-act travelling talk show to NYU where a mixed audience of students and socialites heard him: 1) tell an extended favorite anecdote, 2) read an extended favorite short story, 3) answer questions. The first, naturally, was about *ANSWERED PRAYERS*.

Why did you write it? Were you depressed at the time? I'm referring to something you wrote about all these wonderful people you knew.

Are you talking about the chapter of my novel that was published recently? Was I depressed when I wrote it? Not at all! And was I depressed afterwards? No, not at all! It's part of a novel—a very long and complicated novel. Why, did it depress you? I thought it was hilarious! Well, did it? I think so. I felt badly. I thought it was such a wonderful relationship you had with all these people.

But who says who these people are? I don't. You're just assuming something.

How do they feel about it?

I think they loved it. I only know one person who didn't like it—well, two, actually. Another question?

What were your feelings like making a movie in Hollywood after all your comments on actors?

By "all my comments on actors" she means that I once said that I thought most actors were stupid and I still do. Elsa Lanchester was in this movie and she's a very amusing, charming lady and we had terribly long working days from about seven in the morning till seven or eight at night. And so she sidled up to me one day at the end of the shooting and she said, "You know, Truman, you're quite wrong. It isn't that actors are stupid. It's acting that's stupid!" And I think she certainly had a point there. As for the rest of your question, did I enjoy making the movie? Well, it was hard work. It started October 6th and went on for about four months, five or six days a week. When I'm writing I never write more than four hours a day so I wasn't used to these 12 and 14 hour days. They really knocked me out. Those people earn their money, believe me—every nickel of it!

When is your big book going to be released?

It's coming out serially in *Esquire*

magazine. The next chapter's coming out in the May issue. It's almost book-length itself—almost 50,000 words long. It's taking up the whole issue.

Are you going to have the whole book come out that way?

I'm going to publish it in sections until I've published all of that I want to that way. And then I'll bring it out as a book.

You'll make us all wait?

Well, it's more fun that way!

Is there a publication date?

Oh yes, it's a very specific time. But I ain't tellin' nobody! I want it to come as a big surprise. Yes?

I'm going to be tutoring for the first time tomorrow a 17-year old boy at Martin Luther King High School. I'm going to be tutoring him in English Composition and I was wondering how you would approach it.

As a teacher? But I don't know—is he backward or is he bright? I don't know. I've never taught anything. I've never been a teacher in my life. I wouldn't have the faintest idea. Many universities have asked me to come for a semester but I don't want to do it because I don't have the patience. I think to be a good teacher you need an enormous amount of patience and I'm a very impatient person. Yes?

If there were one thing that you could change about your life, what would it be?

My bank account. Yes?

I wondered why you began to write. Did you begin by telling stories from the movies the way the character did in "A Christmas Memory"?

I think you've got a point there. The other thing was that I learned to read when I was about four-years old. I could read as good as—"well"—as—the average high school child when I was in the first grade, which caused me more trouble than anything else. The teachers, curiously enough, were very resentful of it. But I began to read a great deal and I would also tell the stories I'd read so there's a lot of truth in what you said.

Do you write all the time? Do you have a day-to-day schedule?

There's a lot of time that I don't write. When I am writing, I try to do it five hours a day but I spend about two of those just fooling around. I'm one of the world's greatest pencil sharpeners. Yes?

What makes a good writer?

Two things—intelligence and style. Intelligence alone can't make a good writer and style alone can't make a good writer—that is, not a really important or significant writer—but the two things together make a really good writer. Yes?

Do you see yourself as a dangerous friend?

Well, I'll answer your question this way: I feel that all a writer has is his own experience. Mmm? I mean, that's all a writer has to write about—what he sees and hears and what not. If you happen to capture my imagination for some reason and I decide to write about you and you don't like what I wrote about you, which is entirely possible, then yes, I'm a dangerous writer.

But do philosophers only write about their own experiences?

I'm not a philosopher.

But you have a philosophy. What is it?

You will find out if you read the new chapter of my book that's coming out. It's stated in the first paragraph.

In writing about all these people, are you a part of the story in the sense of being a character in the novel?

No, I'm not a character in any of my books.

Do you keep a journal?

Off and on I do. It's really my journal that the novel's based on. If I hadn't kept a journal I don't really think I would have been able to write this novel in quite the detail that it has. Yes?

But did you as a child?

No, I didn't but I did keep something called a "Dream Book" in which I used to write down my dreams every morning.

Do you find writing difficult?

I always found it difficult and I find it more and more so for the simple reason that the more you know about something, the harder it becomes. You become more and more of a perfectionist and you don't allow yourself to get away with anything. You would if you could but you just can't. If you're a stylist and a perfectionist, I think it's a curse. It's a form of illness! I really mean it. I think I would have written five times as much as I've written if I didn't have this terrible sense of perfection. Technically I feel total fluidity in writing. I feel there's nothing technically that I can't do the way a certain sort of pianist feels that. But that doesn't mean it comes easily. It doesn't. Way back yonder?

Do you think of people as a medium for you? Do you think of your relationship with people in a creative way? In other words, do you create situations in the same way that you would write?

I don't think I understand the question. Yes? Way down yonder in New Orleans?

What is your favorite of your books?

One always likes one's latest book best. That's a natural feeling. So I like this new novel of mine best. Yes?

Somewhere, I can't remember where, you quoted Hemingway to the effect that anyone could write in the first person. I wondered if you'd care to comment on that?

Oh yes. I think it's true because writing in the first person automatically gives you a point of view. One of the most difficult things in writing a novel or anything at all is to choose the point of view from which it's going to be told. If you have a single narrator, a person like an "I"—"I did this" and "I did that"—it automatically solves the most difficult problem in writing. But the chapter from your new novel was written in the first person.

Oh, No! Oh, no, no, no. No, I have a very interesting thing that I do there, where... no, it's not! It's a great technical stunt that I pulled off. Yes, way back there?

I was wondering what you thought about Gore Vidal's remarks relevant of you in The New York Review of Books recently?

What did I think about Gore Vidal's what? His remarks? Oh, I couldn't care less! Whatever Gore says about me, I think the same thing about him. Yes? Did you know F. Scott Fitzgerald and Gertrude Stein or was that before your time?

Scott Fitzgerald died in 1944. I went to work at *The New Yorker* when I was 17 so it's quite possible that I could have known him but I didn't. Gertrude Stein died a year later but I never knew her in any event. I knew Miss Toklas quite well but I never met Miss Stein. Miss Toklas was a strange, scary, bright, amusing woman. And a great cook.

Did you have trouble getting published at the beginning?

No. I never had a rejection slip in my life. Yes? Way back there?

What experience have you had with the newspaper world?

I've never worked for a newspaper, if that's what you mean. I've had some very bad reviews in newspapers...

Would you work for one?

Certainly. Why not?

In what capacity?

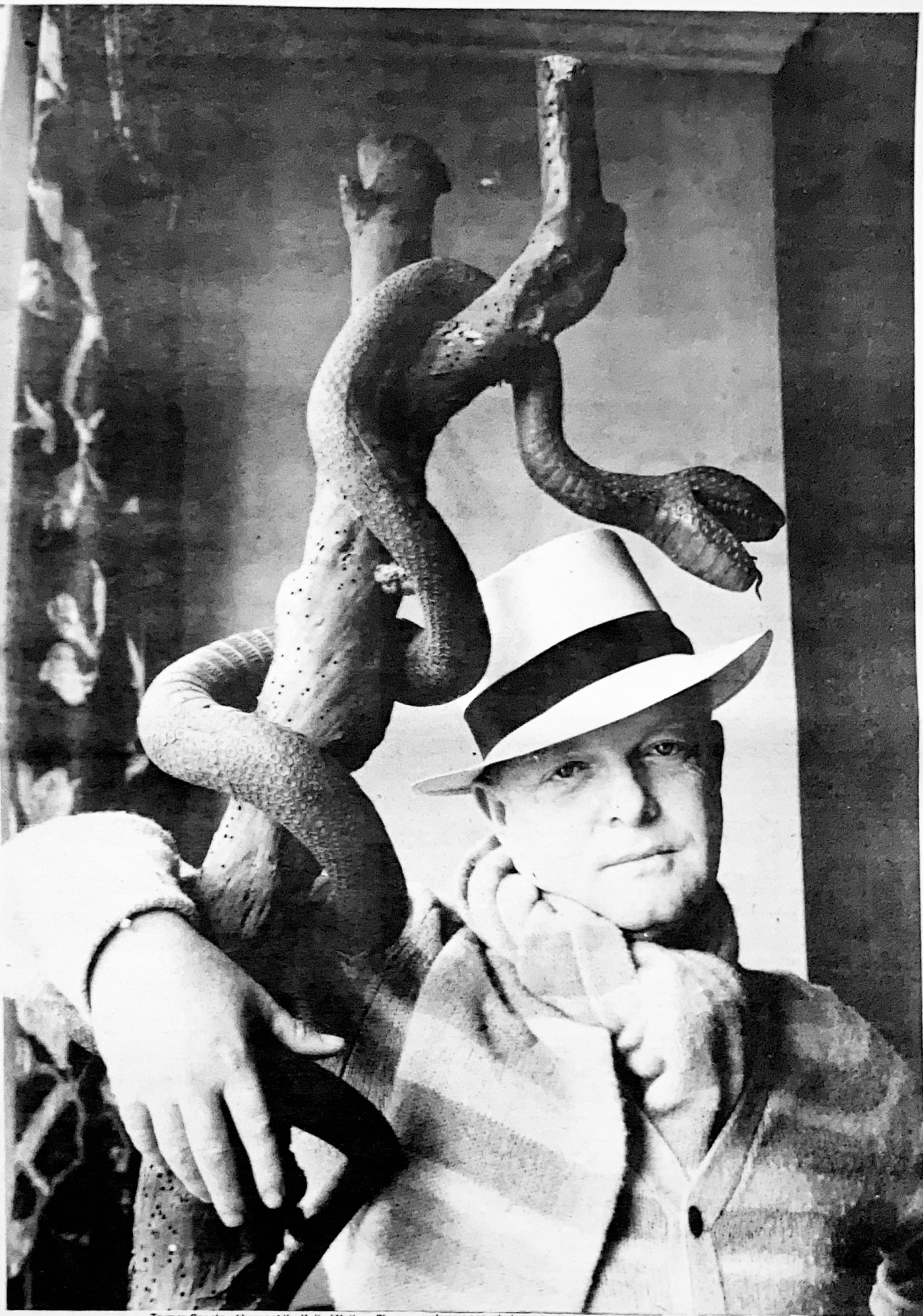
I don't know. Delivery boy? The way things are going...

Why did you decide to act in a movie?

The reason is that Neil Simon wrote an original screenplay and he wrote it for me. He told me about it before he did it and I sort of half thought of it as a joke. But a year later, sure enough, up turns the screenplay. And it's very amusing. I think. It's got a great cast. Yes?

You have a reputation for being an enfant terrible...

"Enfant terrible?" Well, I'm scarcely an enfant! And, on that happy note, thank you all for coming.



Truman Capote, at home at the United Nations Plaza several years ago, photographed by Horst, courtesy of Conde Nast publications.

VIDAL

by

Van Vooren

I have known Gore Vidal for several years. We are friends and had fun in Ravello, Venice, New York, Marrakesh where we celebrated New Year's Eve of 1969 (by the way, the cast of that party and the events of those few days could make an hilarious short story) and of course, Rome, where I had the privilege of being Gore's house guest for a couple of weeks. Through him I met fascinating people including Tennessee Williams, Claire Bloom, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Franco Zeffirelli, to name just a few.

He has never ceased to intrigue me with his good looks, sharp comments and endless amusing anecdotes. His knowledge is phenomenal and his humor of such scope that I do not believe any subject is safe from his cutting wit.

We met at the Plaza a couple of weeks ago while Gore was in New York in conjunction with his new best seller, "1876." With his permission, I taped the following conversation.

Of all the books that you've written, which one has been the most financially successful and why?

"1876" because more people have bought it in hardcover than have bought any of the others.

Do you think that people are more interested in historical events than they were previously or is it an awareness in the American public that wasn't there before?

I think since Watergate they're interested in what the past of this country was really like. Therefore they've turned to me because, at least in the two books, "1876" and BURR, I'm telling them the history of the country in a way they've never heard it told before and, presumably, they find what I have found interesting.

Do you still have political ambitions?

I'd still like to be the President, of course, and I think the best way to do that would be to raise an army and seize the Capital. This strikes me as true democracy.

In all truthfulness, would you consider entering politics?

No. The game is shut. It's a game for cheerful, opportunistic lawyers who are hired by great corporations to become senators, governors and presidents. If you're not part of that club, as I certainly am not, you are not presidential.

How long did it take to research BURR?

It seems like years. In WASHINGTON, D.C. there's a character who is contemplating writing a life of Aaron Burr. I'd completely forgotten this until I reread the book. WASHINGTON, D.C. is the third volume of a trilogy that begins with BURR and goes on to "1876," all written out of order.

WASHINGTON D.C. was the first one to be published but the last one in the chronology of the trilogy. So obviously Aaron Burr was on my mind at least since 1966.

Do you have many people to help you in your research?

Nobody. But once I am finished Random House hires graduate students or, in the case of "1876," Professor Eric McKittrick of Columbia, who is perhaps the best authority on post-Reconstruction American history, to read every line to make sure there're no errors.

Are you Charlie, the reporter in BURR and in "1876"?

"Madame Bovary, c'est moi"—that's what writers usually say. All the characters are oneself and none of them is oneself.

What is it about Italy or Europe that you find more enjoyable?

That it's not America.

But since you do make most of your money here in the United States, do you still enjoy the vitality and the tensions of the States?

Yes. After all, the United States is my subject and that's all that really interests me. If I write about Europe it's always as an American in Europe. The United States is my subject, but as Hawthorne once wrote, "the United States are suited for many admirable purposes, but not to live in." So I like the distance that Europe gives me. Also if I stayed here I'd be a full-time politician and have no time for writing, which is why I went to Europe to live in 1961. I'd never had written JULIAN if it hadn't been for the sequestered life that I led in Rome and the classical library at the American Academy.

I know you do get upset, and rightly so, about the politics over here but yet European governments are just as bad. Do you expect more of those governments?

I think that Europe has some of the best governments and some of the worst in the world. I'd say that Holland, Sweden and Denmark are all better countries politically than the United States. The average person is far better off in one of those countries than he is in the United States and poverty of the sort that we have is absolutely unknown in Northern Europe. In Southern Europe we have, of course, very bad governments. There's a wide range. We have a great deal to learn from Scandinavia and a great deal to be alarmed at from the Mediterranean.

From your writings I assume that you're not a religious person, yet you do have as friends an awful lot of very important clergy in Italy. How do you explain that?

I believe it's my pastoral duty to convert them to atheism.

Are you successful?

I believe that one by one they do drop from

the Church.

Where do you think America's going? It seems that there's a swing to the right. People who were previously part of labor and therefore so-called liberal are now the new breed of conservatives and the blue collar workers and civil servants are going for Reagan and President Ford. Can the Democrats beat President Ford and, if so, with whom?

I suppose it will be Humphrey and Kennedy. Then Humphrey will serve just one term and King Farouk will mount the throne, in which case, I might be tempted to play, if not Nasser, Naguib. But it doesn't actually make any difference whether the President is Republican or Democrat. The genius of the American ruling class is that it has been able to make the people think that they have had something to do with the electing of presidents for 200 years when they've had absolutely nothing to say about the candidates or the policies or the way the country is run. A very small group controls just about everything. Now the group is torn from inside. There's the old money represented by Eastern families like the Rockefellers and then there's the new, even crooked money from the Southern Rim, as they call it, which is Florida, Arizona, Texas and Southern California. Nixon was a Southern Rim President, and so antipathetic to the old guard. The great struggle now is between Reagan, who represents the wheeler-dealers of the Southern Rim, and Ford, who represents the old money groups in the East. I expect Ford to beat Reagan and then in turn be defeated by super-Eastern money as represented by Humphrey and Kennedy.

What is your opinion of American newspapers?

They're all pretty bad. The Washington Post disturbs me the least because it knows what it's doing and it's well edited. Of the rich papers The New York Times is the worst in that hardly anybody can write English over there. Most of it reads like sight translations from the German. I wish they would let Canby write the whole paper. Politically, of course, it's to the Right but then the whole country is to the Right. The Times represents the country's ownership as best it can and is rather horrified of the Southern Rim politicians like Nixon.

In your far-fetched imagination do you think that Nixon has a chance to ever again enter politics in any way, shape or form in America?

No, but I think he thinks he has. The only solution to the Nixon problem is to go there to San Clemente in the daytime, find the box of earth where he lies, and drive a stake through his heart. Otherwise we're all going

to have to go around with garlic and silver crucifixes just in case we come across him. The smell would be terrible.

Do you think the Watergate scandal has hurt the Republicans for good, temporarily, or not at all?

No, not at all. Heaven's sakes, there's only one party which I call the Property Party. It's got two wings. One is called the "Republican" and one is called "Democratic". It is the same party so it makes no difference whether a Democrat's elected or a Republican's elected. The ownership remains the same. Those who financed Humphrey in '68 financed Nixon. All this has come to light during Watergate and since. It may well be they don't want to call the party Republican anymore so they'll call it the "True-Blue American Party" or something like that and we'll still have paid lawyers on the make running for office, doing what the people who give them the money ask them to do.

What is your favorite book of all that you've written?

I think the two Breckinridges. Nobody else could have done them. I could imagine other people doing BURR or "1876" or WASHINGTON, D.C. but the Breckinridges didn't exist before me and they will never die, ever.

They call me "the true Myra Breckinridge." I don't know why.

Since there is no false one you have no choice but to be the true one.

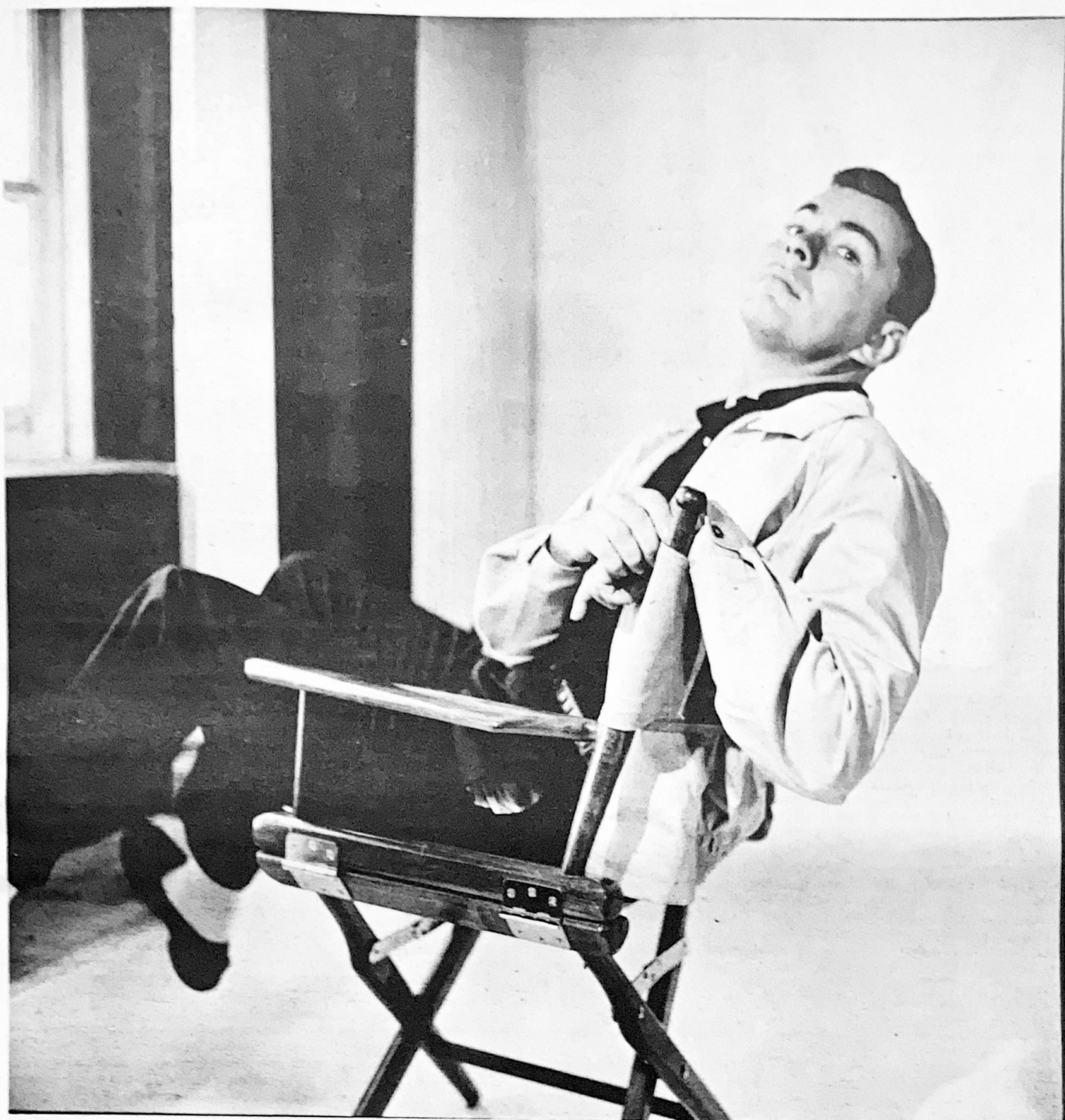
You've had famous feuds, one with... I have never feuded with anyone. Others may have turned on me.

I don't know but I recall something with Mr. Buckley which was rather interesting and created quite a stir. Does criticism bother you?

No. At a very early age I decided that what I thought of others was a good deal more important than what they thought of me. Somebody has to keep score and I decided I was going to do it. I'm a born score-keeper and I realize, like an umpire, that my decisions may cause distress. I do my best to be honest and of level head. Occasionally I have to use an axe but only with regret.

You mentioned at one point in an article that I read that you eventually might like to give up writing and live the so-called "good life". Were you just saying that for shock purposes or do you really mean it, because I can't imagine a writer as prolific as you who who would just give it up?

I can imagine giving it up very easily. I think when I said that my liver was a good deal stronger than it is now. The good life is out. I might become an ascetic, live in India. A little rice is about the best I can do now.



Gore Vidal, © 1950, photographed by Horst, courtesy of Sonnabend Gallery.

What's your opinion of Mr. Buckley?

Buckley? I never think about it. I suspect he is not as nice as he looks.

You have known friendships with a number of beautiful ladies and in particular with Claire Bloom. What do you think of Claire Bloom?

I think she's a marvelous actress. She was the best *Blanche Du Bois* I ever saw and I've seen them all since *Jessica Tandy* played it originally. She's very intelligent with a rather literary mind and I hope she plays the lead in "1876" should anybody dramatize it. *What's your opinion of Women's Lib, if any?* Well, I'm all for it. I've written about that. "Women's Liberation Meets Never Milder Manson Man" was the title of the piece.

What is your opinion of sexual encounters? Which sexual encounters?

Any one . . .

Any one sexual encounter?

Any sexual encounter that pleases you naturally, otherwise you wouldn't encounter it . . .

Oh, that doesn't follow. (laughter) There have been a lot of disasters along the way. Well that is an after thought but I mean you don't go into it thinking it's going to be disastrous.

I'm in favor of sexual encounters.

Do you think it's durable?

No, nothing is durable. I think anybody who thinks sex is durable is going to have a lot of grief, Monique.

On the basis of what do you think it cannot be durable?

First of all why should it be durable? Can you imagine having a love affair going on and on decade after decade? Macabre.

What is to your mind, aside from you the best contemporary writer?

Long Silence . . . The best novelist of my generation is an Italian living in Paris, still working and improving—Italo Calvino.

What was his most well known work? COSMICOMICS; there are about a dozen books. All translated.

What made you choose Italy to live rather than France or Norway or Sweden which you seem to talk so highly about as far as the northern countries are concerned while Italy is a country which is as we talked before filled with all kinds of social problems?

Well, it didn't have all of those social problems when I moved there and Scandinavia is out because of the climate, as far as I'm concerned. I suppose my liking for Italy is partly atavism, my family are of the old Roman stock. They came from the Alps

north of Venice. I liked Italy from the first time I went there in 1939. I was there in '48 and '49 and I was there again doing Ben Hur. I was always at home there. It's a marvelous place to become invisible. Nobody bothers you and nobody is interested in you and I find that very good for work.

What do you think of children?

What children?

Any children . . .

I keep as far from them as possible. I don't like the size of them; the scale is all wrong. The heads tend to be too big for the bodies and the hands and feet are a disaster and they keep falling into things, and the nakedness of their bad character . . . You see we adults have learned how to disguise our terrible characters but a child . . . well, it's like a grotesque drawing of us. They should be neither seen nor heard. And no one must make another one.

You are obviously very cynical in a lot of your comments, are you really as cynical as you seem to be?

I don't seem to be cynical to myself but how what I say goes down with others is their problem. I'm realistic. Come to me and show me a small cancer and I'll tell you you've got a small cancer that should be cut out. That's realism but in America it's called

cynicism. You're supposed to say, ah you've got a little beauty blemish here and I have some marvelous Max Factor that will hide it. That's the American way of handling things. Anyway I'm a diagnostician not a cosmetician.

I've seen that you've been very kind to your dog.

Well, he's all right, he can't talk. He indicates an awful lot however.

You are obviously very aware that you are a good looking man and in some ways you've been called almost narcissistic about your looks, does age bother you?

Age bothers everybody. I was never narcissistic about my looks, but people thought that I should be so therefore I was. The whole point to American journalism is what ought to be true is true. Since I ought to be arrogant, impressed with my social position, overwhelmed by my beauty, therefore I am. Actually I was never my own type so I completely missed my beauty all through my youth. I have no social position and I stay away from what is known as society as much as possible. But people like to reinvent you, according to cliché. There are a lot of stories about me that really apply only to Capote or Mailer or somebody else. Everything is a mish mash.

Have you seen Capote lately?

I've seen him about once in twenty years and I had an impression that the one time was probably too often. It was at Dru Heinz', I didn't have my glasses on and I sat down on what I thought was a poof and it was Capote.

What would you consider to be for you, the perfect day on all faces, including everything possible that you could have or do from the time you rise to the time you fall asleep?

Well, I would go on the Today Show, that's how I would begin, and have a half hour with Barbara Walters and then I'd be driven down to Philadelphia to do the Mike Douglas Show, then I'd come back and do my state of the union with David Susskind, ninety minute taping just the two of us, then I would somehow magically get out to California in time to tape Merv Griffin in the afternoon back to back with Johnny Carson. Then there come the late night shows in Chicago—a really good day, a well spent day.

When you are in Italy how do you spend your time?

Well I have no television to go on so I get a lot of writing done. That's my substitute for television.

What time do you get up?

Whenever I wake up.

Just when you wake up. You never get up before you wake up?

You have to have standards, Monique.

Do you ever make love daily?

I used to yes but now I am catching up on my reading.

At night what do you do when you're in Rome?

Have dinner and go to bed and read.

Do you go out to dinner with friends or do you stay home?

Usually I go out to the world of the trattorias which is the pleasure of Rome.

Who are your best friends in the world?

Oh, obscure people that you've never heard of—three, four, five, here there and everywhere.

Yet your house in Ravello seems to always be, well always having important people visiting you.

No very seldom and I'm a much worse guest than I am a host, and I'm not an awfully good host either. I really like being there alone.

What do you do all day long?

I work and there's the garden and the gymnasium and the sauna and the day is very full there. Also if you go in for writing long complicated books like "1876" and BURR you're going to have to spend an awful lot of time studying.

What was your reason for calling CALIGULA—GORE VIDAL'S CALIGULA?

A number of reasons aside from perfectly normal megalomania. For one thing, I didn't want anybody to think it was Albert Camus' CALIGULA. He seems now to be somewhat forgotten but you never can tell, he might have a revival. The dreaded Lina Wertmüller has threatened to do her CALIGULA when she discovered that we would not take her as the director for my CALIGULA, so there's the chance that she might do one. So I thought it better to put my name in the title; something I learned from Fellini. When he began to make SATYRICON four other Italian directors announced that they were

making SATYRICON, too. So he put his name in the title, which was something they couldn't do or hadn't thought to do. Can't you see ROSSI'S FELLINI'S SATYRICON? By the fact that you wrote the script for CALIGULA you were obviously well versed in that period of history since you have already done JULIAN. Did you have to do more research for CALIGULA?

No there are only two texts. There's Tacitus and Suetonius and once you've absorbed them then you've got everything anybody knows about the character.

Where do you think the film is going to be made—entirely in Italy?

No, I think location stuff will be in Romania, Yugoslavia. We're going to need a lot of people and it's very expensive in Italy now, the crowds.

What do you think of Paul Newman?

I just talked with him yesterday. He's in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, making a movie about ice hockey. He's an old friend, I'm very fond of him. He, Joanne and I all lived together in Malibu about 20 years ago before they were married.

What is your favorite city in all of the world, not necessarily to live but to see?

I suppose it has to be Venice, there's nothing like that.

What is your next project after "1876"?

CALIGULA and then I have two or three more books planned in my head but I haven't done anything about them. Now I understand that Universal and NBC want to buy WASHINGTON, D.C. as a television serial and another network has come up with AN EVENING WITH RICHARD NIXON. I may just get justice for that one. The play was ahead of its time.

Do you think that if that show was on Broadway today it would be a success?

I think it would have been a success at the time had we not come to New York. I am not much loved by the local press and Nixon as of '72 was a great hero.

Wasn't there some kind of interference at the time you were doing the show on the part of the FBI?

All sorts of threats and peculiar shenanigans with the various people putting up the money.

Are you a movie fan?

Yes! There are no bad movies only bad audiences.

Do you really believe that?

No! Just a good thing to say.

What do you think of "SEVEN BEAUTIES" by Lina Wertmüller?

I've not seen it. I'm saving that excitement for later.

What do you think of John Simon?

Ah well, poor John Simon—what a nightmare, to wake up in the morning and realize that you are John Simon.

Do you think he's a good writer?

No.

Do you think he's accurate?

He's irrelevant. He's a peculiarly New York phenomenon. This is a place that worships incompetence particularly if it's combined with energy and paranoid self-confidence. Only in a city like New York could Truman Capote have made it, or John Simon.

What is the reason you don't like Norman Mailer?

I don't like what he stands for—

Which is?

That women are put on earth only to provide

men with sons—that's a quote. He's against masturbation, he's against homosexuality. He believes that murder is essentially sexual. I think he's rather an anthology of all the darkest American traits.

What do you think of him as a writer?

He comes and goes. Sometimes he's better than other times, like the rest of us.

You've said that the critics in New York were not favourable to you yet you consistently keep getting good reviews. I just read in The New York Times a review of your book "1876" and it was extremely favourable.

I suppose after 30 years I've worn them out. I think SEVEN BEAUTIES you should see. I would like to hear your opinion of it.

I've only seen LOVE AND ANARCHY which I thought was second rate. I don't think I could take Giannini's eyes in one more movie. He looks to the right. He looks straight ahead. He looks to the left. Then they get glassy, then he blinks them, then they get brighter.

If you were making a movie of JULIAN who would you pick as Julian?

Albert Finney. And I think he'd like to do it too. He likes the book and I've talked to him about it.

What do you think of Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor?

You're just making me tired, Monique. I've had a rough day. To have those two vials of chloroform broken beneath my nose just before a party. I never want to hear their names again.

Are you interested in her jewels and her luxurious life?

No.

Do you think she deserves it?

I'm sure she deserves it, I just don't want to hear about it anymore. I liked the trichotomy, that's the only thing I ever liked.

What do you think of Tennessee Williams?

Oh, I love Tennessee. Well you read my piece, didn't you? Everything that I think about Tennessee is in there. Practically everything—

Some people may have not read that piece, can you say a few things about Tennessee?

Steal it from the piece.

Can't?

Yes, take anything you want because I can't say it any better than I wrote it.

What do you think of Muriel Spark?

Muriel, well she's very interested in her own work, I'll say that.

Did you like "The Driver's Seat"?

I didn't read it. Yes I did read it, I did like it, I didn't see the movie.

Beside writing which is obviously your life's passion, what other passion do you have?

Appearing on television. I told you that! Monique, you didn't listen.

What other interests do you have besides reading and writing and of course, television?

I like looking at buildings and I like going in to them sometimes and sometimes I like to stay outside of them.

You said in some interview that I've seen and, of course, you have told me that everybody was somehow homosexual and some practice it and some don't.

I never said any such thing Monique.

You said something of the sort.

It's like saying you've said that you're going to assassinate Gerald Ford or something like that. What I said is that everybody is

bisexual, and that is a fact of human nature. Some people practice both, some people practice one thing, and some practice another thing and that is the way human beings are.

How then can you say that they are bisexual if they practice only one thing?

Because you have the capacity to practice both and often given a certain situation, they can be persuaded, or persuade themselves to enlarge their scale. Kinsey figured it out. For example from 1 to 6 there is a small percentage that is exclusively homosexual, a small percentage heterosexual and there's a wide band in the middle of people who respond to various stimuli. A little bit here, a little more there.

It's so funny I always thought of Nixon sleeping in a double bed yet you see him in twin beds.

Schizophrenics need two beds.

Don't you think that some people can be completely asexual?

I met one once but it's very rare.

I really don't know if what you say that everyone is bisexual.

I am quoting from Freud. It's not a theory, it's a fact. It's not a theory that everybody has two legs, two lobes to the brain which is why we tend to be interested in symmetry, always balancing things. To have an interest in both sexes is equally normal. Whether it's practiced or not is something else again. Some do. Some don't.

You have never made it a hidden fact that you are rich and bisexual.

I have never said anything about either. Other people say these things about me. What ought to be true is true, and therefore he said it.

Do you deny it?

I don't deny or affirm anything. I'm not very personal.

But I'm going to ask you are you bisexual and rich?

Everybody's bisexual as I finished telling you. I did not say that everybody was rich, however.

What do you plan to do with the money you obviously are going to make and make and make as long as you continue writing?

I give 50% to the United States government and the rest just vanishes as money tends to do.

What is the best play you have ever seen outside of "The Best Man", of course?

Well you're narrowing the field. I don't much like plays.

What is your favourite movie?

MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR with Lana Turner written by Tennessee Williams from the 40's. Myra Breckenridge admired it tremendously.

Why didn't you see the movie MYRA BRECKENRIDGE?

Because I read the script.

Do you think this film will come back?

If it comes back I go away.

It's actually a movie that could be done over again.

It was never done. I'd always hoped that we might do MYRON with our friend Mick Jagger. Not only would he play Myra Breckenridge and Myron but also Maria Montez.

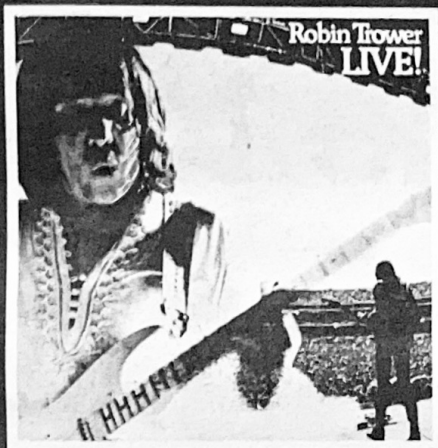
What would your advice be to upcoming writers who look to you as the utmost in your field?

There is room at the top for only one. STAY AWAY!!

Gore and Monique.



Robin Trower Live!

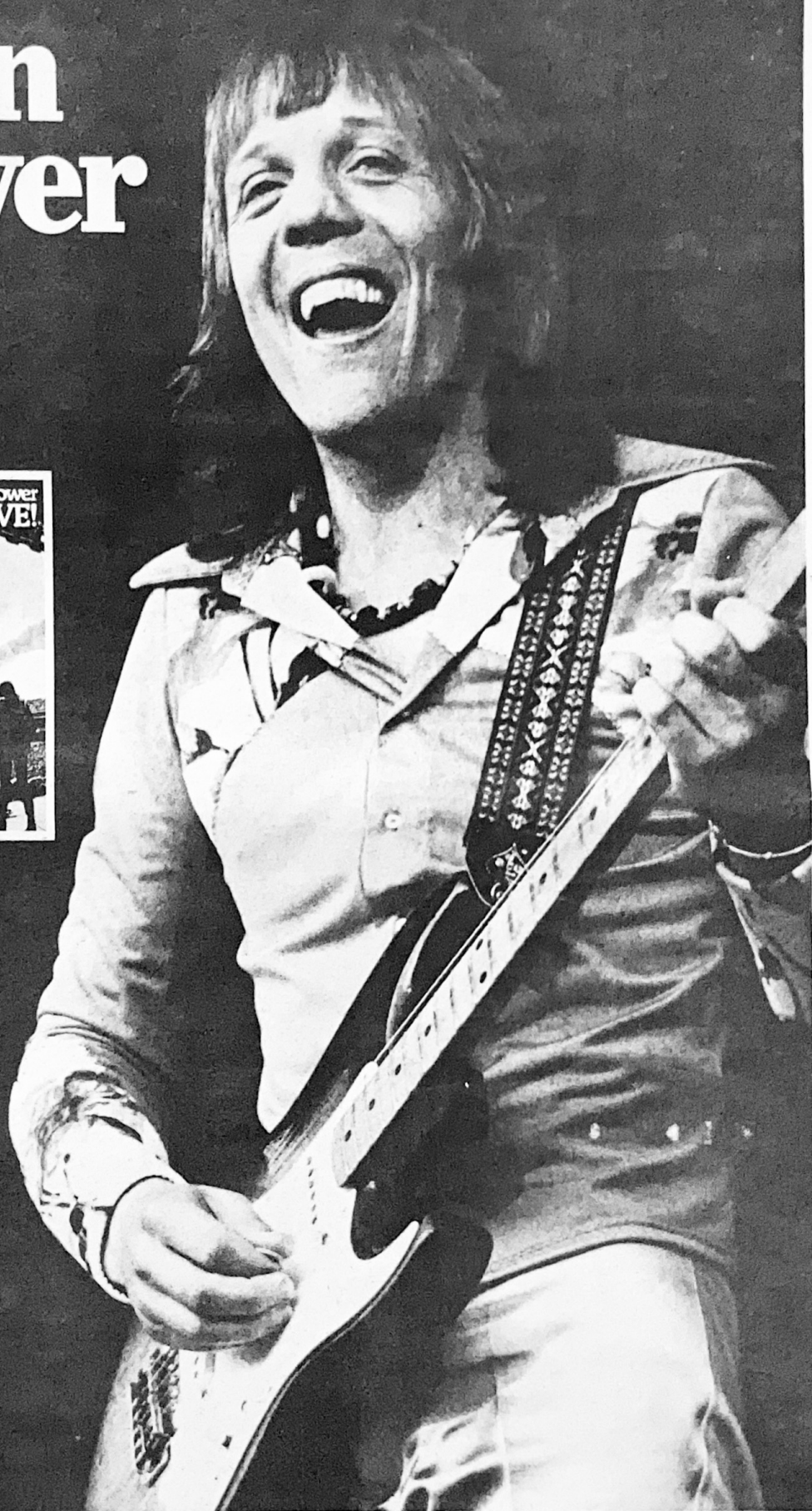


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Chrysalis CHR 1089



Ellen Greene

next stop the top?

by Peter Lester

Ellen Greene sparkles like celery tonic in her movie debut as the Jewish girlfriend in Paul Mazursky's *Next Stop Greenwich Village*, quite a rapid departure from the flounder-like style she was overcome with in Paul Jabara's *Rachel Lilly Rosenbloom*. This new bravura was echoed at her return to Reno Sweeney's with an act that reeked of class, maybe a little too much for her to handle at the moment but her attitude made up for anything else that may have been lacking. The interview took place one recent chilly winter morning over coffee, croissants and Rossini sonatas for strings at the *Elephant and Castle* bistro in Greenwich Village.

EG: I don't believe I'm up.

PL: What time do you usually get up?

I rehearsed till 4.30 last night, went to bed at 5.00, called my service and said 'I know you're going to think this is funny but please call me in three hours and if a woman answers and you do not understand because she sounds like a man, it will be me... it will just be my voice four octaves lower. Good morning, good night, wake me up.' And I'm up and on time.

And how do you feel?

Wet, my clothes are wet. But you know I love working. I thrive on it, this didn't throw me at all. I mean I am so panicked, there is so much detail going into my show in every department.

How old are you?

I was twenty-five on George Washington's birthday, this is going to be such a hot show, very latin. We're gonna do *Knights in White Satin*... that's on my album.

You have an album out?

No, it's not out, it's in reclusé. What happened, it's a very tasty story that everyone wants to hear but I'm not gonna tell. But basically Joel Dorn was waiting with the album, about a year ago we said we'd release it with the

movie, but it's a very different kind of album.

So what's the tasty story?

It's just that Joel Dorn didn't think that Ahmet Ertegun would understand it. Ahmet worked with me on *Rachel*, spent a fortune but I can't talk about that before my coffee. I'm crazy about accents I want to go to Europe so badly.

You've never been?

No, and I know I'm so Europe. Everything about me has always led to Europe.

How long have you lived in the village?

I moved in here after the movie, I live in a brownstone. I've become very particular in the people I see. I really have my own private life now, before I didn't. I must have time for myself and my reading, and you look so tired.

I saw your movie and I thought you were great.

Oh really, you liked the movie.

Not very much, but I thought you were really good.

You know how I feel now, say you pick out a fabulous wine for dinner, 'cos I love picking a good wine, but not only do you open it, but you sit it there... You let it breathe.

That's how I feel right now, like I want to have that wine, and all you have to do is relax and sit back and pour it, just take it slow. But sometimes, like last night, I felt like old Popeye cartoons, remember *Olive Oyl* with the long legs? She was so bendable and she'd fall down a big manhole but her feet, the tippy toes of her toes are holding on to the thing. Well that's how I sometimes feel. So I fluctuate between being very calm and knowing, you know not only am I being heard but people are now taking me seriously.

You got great reviews.

The work was there. The work was there. It doesn't phase me, it's a pro-

blem though because I hear bad reviews more than I hear good ones.

I didn't see any bad reviews of your performance.

Well there weren't any really, except the most negative was the *Village Voice*. Look the girl is a bitch, it was very hard to show the inside of a bitch but beneath the smouldering you knew that there was a lot going on in that woman's head. Shelley Winters I knew was gonna go for big, and Lenny's part is written for big, so I believe if you're gonna go for beautiful I don't mind going for ugly. And if you're gonna go for big, I'm gonna go for the subtleties, and in that you can be a very loud quiet.

How did you like working with Mazursky?

Loved it. Truthfully I have no point of reference. He gave me that feeling, to make me relaxed, to keep the humour on the set. He always told me before any take when I got nervous or something he would say, 'Ellen, just trust your own instincts, your instincts are priceless.'

Who are you most compared to?

Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Frances Langford, Kay Thompson, Laurette Taylor, Garbo, Marlene, from black singers to white singers, all the Jewish ladies, Streisand, Bette, every single one. Bea Lillie, Tallulah Bankhead, the weirdest because they must box me. Man I've been compared to obscure people which I find fascinating, when people go digging then I really get off on that.

Who have your greatest influences been?

Everyone. I love listening. I really get off when people hurt enough inside. Kathy Light is one of the new performers on the circuit and she's trying to get to know herself. Novella passionately believes. Peter is very into writing about obscure things. (She

breaks into a Peter Allen song: "I wish there were more rainy Sundays, to make up for Saturday Nights".)

Didn't you audition for Katharine Hepburn's play?

I was up for the role. Katharine Hepburn and I met, she really liked me, she and I talked, she said can you sing. I said I can sing I can dance I can do anything you want me to do. I was auditioning for her personally.

She sat in at the auditions?

All of them, every single one. This is what I'm saying, she cares. Anyway, she wanted to write a part for me. I wasn't right characterwise, she really liked me and that's what I wanted to do, to make an impression on her, and we completely... both of us sparked. When I get excited there's a sparkle and I know it's getting off on someone. She does everything with passion and that's the only way to do it. Like we're all scared basically, I'm so afraid of my show that it's scaring me to perform it 'cos I've been rejected so many times. But at least now they try to understand me. All of a sudden my mother thinks I'm a great comedienne.

Who advises you on your material and the way you should look?

Well I have a man who advises me, who has been my best friend for so long and now he is managing me fully. His name is Tray Christopher and I bounce off things but in the end result I usually oversee everything because I could not do something that is not me. I'm too nosy, I can't stay out of my own business, I couldn't let my career be managed, it's not a "career", I enjoy it, everything I do.

Where are your family?

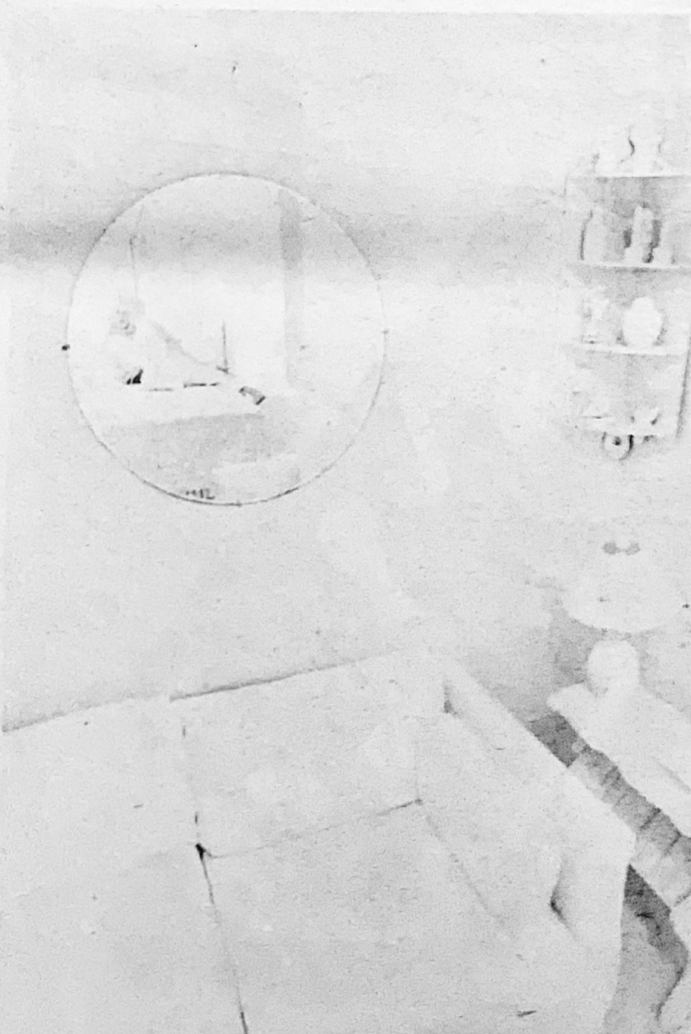
I have two older brothers, that's why I was a tomboy when I grew up. One's studying to be a doctor in Philadelphia, the other one is a lawyer out in Long Island. I'm the only black sheep... who has made good.



Full steam ahead for Ellen Greene now starring in "Threepenny Opera."

Mink coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hair by Alex of Dorian Inc. Make-up by Ricky Quesada. Photo by Francis Ing/Williamson Jancil.

Edgar Winter



by Liz Derringer

LD: Let's start at the beginning. When were you born?

EW: December 28, 1946.

LD: Which makes you how old?

EW: Which makes me 29 years old.

LD: A Capricorn—where were you brought up?

EW: Beaumont.

LD: Beaumont, Texas. It can't have been all fun and games growing up in Texas, being a member of one of the

smallest minorities there—Albino. Did you encounter any problems in school?

EW: Yeah—but it was not something I understood until I got a little bit older. At first, kids were making fun of me and stuff and I really didn't know why, so at one point I asked my parents and they explained to me what albinos were and what it was and how it had happened.

LD: Isn't it pretty rare that you and Johnny are both albinos—two in one family—especially since your parents have normal coloring—brown hair and brown eyes.

EW: It's rare, but there is a 1 out of 4 possibility.

LD: Did this all have something to do with your getting into music?

EW: Oh yeah. It definitely had a lot to do with it. And also my brother Johnny had a lot to do with my getting into music, because when he put his band together I said, "Oh, let me play something. I'll learn how to do something." I was just looking for something that I could do that didn't have anything to do with my being able to see perfectly, and music was an obvious thing because you don't really have to see at all to play music.

LD: So Johnny has had quite a bit of influence on your music and personality.

EW: Uh-huh. I've always somewhat tried to follow in his footsteps. It seemed like to me if he could be popular and well-liked, that I should be able to do the same, so I was definitely motivated partially to try to make him proud of me.

LD: What was the first instrument you played?

EW: The very first thing I played was ukelele, before we had a band. Johnny and I would both play ukelele and sing songs together—Everly Brothers, mostly songs that had dual vocals like duets. My mother played piano, so

LD: You don't play guitar. Is that because of Johnny?

EW: Yeah, he was always a guitar player. I didn't want to get in competition with him. He wanted to be the only guitar player, so I said, you got it,

take it away!

LD: So, of all the instruments you play, which is your favorite.

EW: I like the alto sax the best. There's something about the sax, not just the sound of it but physically playing it, there's probably some subconscious oral-sexual thing involved there with using your mouth to play an instrument. I just like using my fingers.

LD: I remember the first time I heard you. I couldn't believe it.

EW: I really like to sing now. I never really cared for my voice. I never liked it that much, which is why I never sang. I thought of my voice as more of an instrument than a real kind of voice. I would start singing intricate horn parts so that's what developed my voice in a technical way. But I just could never find songs I'd like to sing because of the words. I'd feel embarrassed singing the words because they were never about things that seemed to relate to me, they were songs about normal things that were going on and when I was that young I really didn't think of myself as being very normal.

LD: I saw you on the Mike Douglas Show and I must say I was very, very impressed.

EW: I liked doing that. I had a good time. I think I'm going to try to develop my personality more. I feel like I've created sort of a fantastic image of myself that's not really what I am.

LD: Yes, but you've done lots of different kinds of music.

EW: Yeah, I have done, but coming to N.Y. and getting involved in the music business, seems to have taken me away from the path I originally set out on. I just wanted to be the best musician I could be and seriously approach music.

LD: What's your next plan? I guess you're going to do another solo album.

EW: I'm going to do an album with Gamble and Huff. I'm really looking forward to doing that because I really have never done anything with an established, professional producer.

LD: Well, Gamble and Huff are definitely established producers they do all

Johnny Winter

by Liz Derringer

LD: You're supposed to be the more aggressive of the two albino Winter brothers. Why does everybody say that?

JW: Well, probably because I always was. I don't know how aggressive Edgar is now, but before, Edgar was always the intellectual type person, and he was really into his music more than into showing off. I mean, I liked the music part of it, too—I love music, but I also got off on being an exhibitionist, and I was always the band leader, and I kinda wanted to be in control of things.

LD: Edgar says he really looks up to you and always tries to please you.

JW: And that's really strange because we've never really talked very much. I would try to get Edgar to drink and ball chicks and stuff like that, and he was real introverted in those days and just didn't really want to. And when we did talk, we argued about things, so we never thought we had anything in common. Just in the last few years since we've been talking about it, I really learned more about him than I did the whole twenty-five years before, 'cause we're just kind of becoming friends, I think, after all these years.

LD: What kind of effects do you think that growing up as an albino had on you in Texas?

JW: Well, it's two different things. One of them is growing up as an albino, and another is growing up in Texas, and both of them did different things. But growing up in Texas and growing up as an albino, I think, made me real angry. I didn't realize it at the time really, but I think I had a lot of hate for people 'cause Texas people on the whole are real aggressive anyway, I mean, fight-in' and drinkin' and raising hell. I mean people plan it out all the week, you know, who they're going to fight with on Friday night. The cool ones get girls and go off and fuck, and the other ones—the ones that can't get the chicks—go out and fight and they figure maybe that'll help. So just living in that kind of violent environment was bad enough, and then being weird really made it even worse, because a lot of

people didn't even know what an albino was, and they just figured if you had white hair, it had to be bleached, and if you bleached your hair, you had to be a fag. So it was all that, "Hi, there honey," and I would just pick up a guitar or a bottle or something and just smash it, which was a whole lot of fun.

LD: But you've liked people like Alistair Crowley—

JW: Yeah, me and Al were really into that sadistic stuff.

LD: I mean going to whorehouses when you were twelve years old and casting spells on poor colored people who didn't know what you were, and all those kinds of stories.

JW: Well, it was just the Alistair Crowley thing—I got really interested in S and M because I was bored with sex. I just got really, really bored with just normal fucking because I'd done everything to everybody, and it was a whole new trip. It was something

that—somebody getting off on somebody beating him up, it was just a real big ego trip. I mean to actually have people get off on knocking around, so I started getting into it, and I enjoyed the shit out of it. But I don't know if it was really sadistic or not because it was—it was either people that I really didn't like and I felt like deserved it, or it was people that were liking it, and if you're being sadistic to a masochist, then it seems like that's a nice thing to do to 'em. So really, I don't know if it's sadistic or just being friendly. But I got off on knocking people around and knocking sex around.

LD: I'm going to ask you this because I spoke to Roma, and she said she wanted to know, too: How you felt about the fact that Roma who was your girlfriend for so many years married Edgar?

JW: Well, I definitely had mixed feelings about it. We've talked about it a

whole lot. And it was something that—I think it was a really good thing. At first I felt a little weird, but I would just come up and give her a friendly kiss, or if I'd be sittin' talking to her, and he wasn't around, I'd feel a little strange. I'd think, well, "I wonder if Edgar thinks I'm trying to put the make on her," and I think he did. He said he figured I probably would just because he knows me so well. I wouldn't, but I don't know if he still thinks that. I know he did for a long time. He thought the first chance I got that I would do it just because they were married just to see if I still could, but Edgar doesn't really realize how much I love him, and I wouldn't do that to him. Plus, I know Roma wouldn't do that. Roma is not that kind of person.

LD: Okay, let's get nasty. What got you into the guitar in the first place. The guitar always seemed pretty phallicky to me, and that kind of seems good for



amy mace

edgar continued

the Philadelphia records—the O'Jays and Harold Melvin; the big Philadelphia sound.

EW: That's going to be really interesting because they've never worked with a white artist before and I think they're trying to expand out of the strictly black situation that they're in; and I've always liked black music and wanted to get more into a top 40 groove of some sort that will still satisfy me aesthetically and that's what I'm hoping. Well, so that's the first thing. Then there's also live albums that are in process of development now. Johnny and I are planning on doing a tour together.

LD: *Going out with Johnny will be kind of big.*

EW: It will be kind of big—as a matter of fact, he even mentioned the possibility of using horns. He's open to that.

LD: *How did you come to N.Y. and get into the music business?*

Johnny continued

you. Is it sexy?

JW: I didn't think about it that way at the time, really. I started out playing clarinet when I was a little kid, and I had to have braces, so—the orthodontist told me I had to quit playing clarinet. And I started playing ukulele just because there was one laying around the house and Daddy knew a few chords. So I played the uke until I got to be about twelve, and then Elvis was coming out and the guitar was just the rock and roll instrument. And so after my hands got big enough, I kind of switched to guitar. I didn't think of it as really being phallic. The clarinet's pretty phallic. It's a lot better with a guitar—you can sing. And it'd be pretty hard to sing and play clarinet.

LD: *At that time in Texas, wasn't it pretty unusual for a white musician to get into blues?*

JW: Well, you know how them Texas people are—they don't like them niggers a whole lot down there, them white people, so it was a real, real strange thing. I didn't have any friends—any white friends—that were in the same kind of music. Edgar hated it. I didn't have any, anybody at all to talk to about it except my black friends in those days. It was before the black and white people started really getting it on with each other and hating each other and the whole—all the bad stuff. In those days if you had balls enough to go in a black club, they knew that you must really be digging the music and want to be there. And the black music I really kept apart from the white music. I'd play clubs and I'd do what everybody wanted to hear, and I'd play my blues records for myself and go jam and play blues at the black clubs with my black friends. So it was two totally different things.

LD: *So how did Steve Paul get in contact with you?*

JW: He read this article in *Rolling Stone*—everybody knows that and found I lived in Beaumont and got in touch with my parents who put him in touch with me in Houston, and of course, I read all the rock and roll magazines because I wanted to be a rock and roll star, and I knew who Steve Paul was, and he just called up and said, "This is Steve Paul, and I've got this club in New York." He had to explain the whole thing to me; I guess he figured that nobody in Texas would know about the "Scene."

LD: *Okay. Your Columbia contract was*

EW: Well, I met Steve Paul through Johnny in Nashville when Johnny was doing his first album for Columbia there and he had asked if I could get away. I was playing in a club in Houston—The Golden Fleece, the Golden Girls, The Golden Aires. I don't know what happened to the Golden Girls.

LD: *Were they a band?*

EW: No, they were the girls, the dancing girls... Anyway back to Steve. There in Nashville, he talked me into coming up to N.Y. He arranged a meeting with Columbia. Clive Davis was the president at the time and he was the person I really talked to about what I wanted to do and he didn't exert any pressure at all—he just said that their company policy was one of allowing the artists whatever time they needed to develop. That made me feel real good because, as it happens, I sort of maneuvered myself into a situation where after putting out the first album which was not successful, then I decided to put a group together,

one of the biggest monetarial contracts signed for a relatively unknown artist. How did you feel about this at the time?

JW: Oh, at the time I loved it because nobody had cared before, and I figured the more publicity and the more money I got, the better off that I was, because I figured if they invested that much money in me, that they'd damn sure make sure that they would get it back and really work on my stuff, whereas I really didn't want the money, I wanted the recognition and the chance to do my music, do whatever I wanted to do, the fame and the freedom of—the expression and all that, and the money wasn't really all that important.

LD: *How did you spend some of your money?*

JW: Spent most of it on drugs. (LAUGHS) No, I really don't spend that much money. I like to be able to travel and have a decent place to live and good food to eat and booze to drink, and except for that, I really don't need a yacht or a private plane or any of that stuff. So I'm just trying to save a little money, and when I'm 75, I can—

LD: *Enjoy life.*

JW: (LAUGHS) Yeah. I cannot have to worry about working every night, although if I'm still alive, I'll probably be doing it anyway.

LD: *When you first came up to New York, the press really went crazy.*

JW: It was really two complete different ways 'cause some of the people were freaky out and saying I was the best in the world and everything, and of course that pissed off a lot of other people, so they were saying I was the worst, and at the same time, an eight-page story came out in *Look* saying how fantastic I was, and a really great one-page thing came out in *Life* saying that I was completely full of shit, everything I did was horrible. They went from one extreme to the other, and both of them came out the same week.

LD: *All right, you were getting that hype, and your group was started, and you were doing well, and you—*

JW: Yeah, I was really working my ass off at that point a lot more—a lot harder than I really wanted to because I really wanted to establish myself as one of the great old standards of rock and roll, so I could be a living legend for ever and ever instead of a joke, so I played everywhere and I just wiped myself out. I never slept. Just for about

LD: *Well, it's all good experience—you learned about the music business quickly.*

EW: I know that, you know that—you're experienced. But most people in an article don't want to hear that, they want to hear a bunch of colorful stuff, like Rick Derringer always says "Make up anything you want."

LD: *Do you want to make up anything?*

EW: No, I don't think so. I think rock and roll forces you more into that image and I think if anything was my mistake, it was trying to be a rock and roll star.

LD: *You live here with your wife Roma and some other members of your band that you just broke up with like Dan Hartman.*

EW: Yeah. It's nice. I don't know how long I'll be able to keep this house. Just because if either Dan or I decide to move, it would force the others to move, because sharing the rent—this house was originally a band house and the whole band lived here for a while while we were rehearsing, then Chuck,

two and a half years there, it was just solid work.

LD: *Well, it was solid work, and you were climbing, and the next thing I heard you were checking yourself into a hospital. What happened?*

JW: Yeah, that's when I was just totally flipped out. I knew I had about three more months of gigs, and I knew after about a year of kinda playing around with smack that I was starting to really get strung out, and I thought I was so cool at that point that I didn't think there was any way in the world that I could ever get strung out. But when I tried—so I made it through the tour and when I got back to Texas and tried stopping, it wasn't quite as easy. In fact, it was totally impossible. So after trying for about two months to stop on my own, I just went to this hospital in New Orleans that a doctor friend of mine had found and I talked to the people there, and after talking to them for a few hours, I said, "Okay, just lock me in here for a while." So it was about nine months that I was in the hospital, I wanted them to say, "Okay, you're sane," and they did.

LD: *You had friends and knew people like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. Do you think that your problems were the same as theirs with the hype and being an artist going out there, and people expecting so much. Did you ever discuss it with people like Janis?*

JW: Yeah, Janis and I—I felt real close to those people. When they died, too, it made me feel like—it was almost that I was supposed to die. It seemed like that everybody was dying, that all the people that had come from that period were wiping themselves out, 'cause it was a very drug-oriented, hell-raising period, and it just kind of burned everybody out. And I knew I'd done as much as everybody else, so I thought, "Well, if they're dead, why should I still be alive?" But Janis had said that she expected to not be around very much longer, that she thought—well, not die, but not be around as a superstar. She said it was just too hard for a girl. She had the good ole Texas idea of womanhood. She definitely wasn't a woman's liber, even though she acted as aggressive as a guy. She really wanted to be taken care of. And I remember one day, I was really pissed off at her, 'cause she said, "Nahh, it's not going to last. It's just too hard for a woman. I don't know how to play an instrument. I can't lead a band. And in another

the drummer, moved to Reno, and you and Rick always had your own apartment in the city that you were working on.

LD: *Johnny lives in Connecticut right now, doesn't he?*

EW: Yeah, New York is not really the best place—just because of tax reasons—to live. That's why really—I live in Texas.

LD: *If you could close this interview with anything you'd like to say, what would it be?*

EW: Just that I hope people will continue to enjoy my music that I'm doing for people to enjoy and that at the same time they will all realize that whatever I'm doing at the time is really what I want to do. I just hope somehow either through my music or through doing more TV or whatever it is that I'm engaged in, that it will help people realize what kind of person that I really am, rather than just seeing that image that has been created, pretty much for me.

year, I'm going to be wandering around Texas sleeping in alleys, and I just hope you buy me a drink when you see me." And I said, "Come on, shut up, bitch, don't talk like that." But at any rate, she said, "Yeah, that's all right, I can't keep this up." And it was pretty much the same with Jimi. Jimi just got to the point where he couldn't—I'd see him, and he just couldn't talk. At the Madison Square Garden concert where he just stopped in the middle of the show. It was terrible, but he walked in with his head down and he had all of his entourage, but they weren't even walking with him or talking to him, 'cause he just couldn't talk. He sat on the couch and put his head in his hands, and he just sat there not saying a word to anybody an hour before the show. I couldn't imagine why he even tried to play 'cause it was obvious he was so depressed and so fucked up that he shouldn't have played, and after two songs, he just stopped and said, "We can't get it together," and every time I saw him, he was just horribly sad, and he was at the point where he really—at least every time I saw him, he couldn't even talk about it, he was in such a deep state of depression. And I think it was pretty much the same thing that fucked all of us up.

LD: *Yeah, you're the survivor. You're a real survivor.*

JW: I can't believe it. It's incredible. I should have been dead before everybody else. I'll probably go on forever.

LD: *What do you think about the new artists? People like Patti Smith and Bruce Springsteen. Do you think that it's as hard for them?*

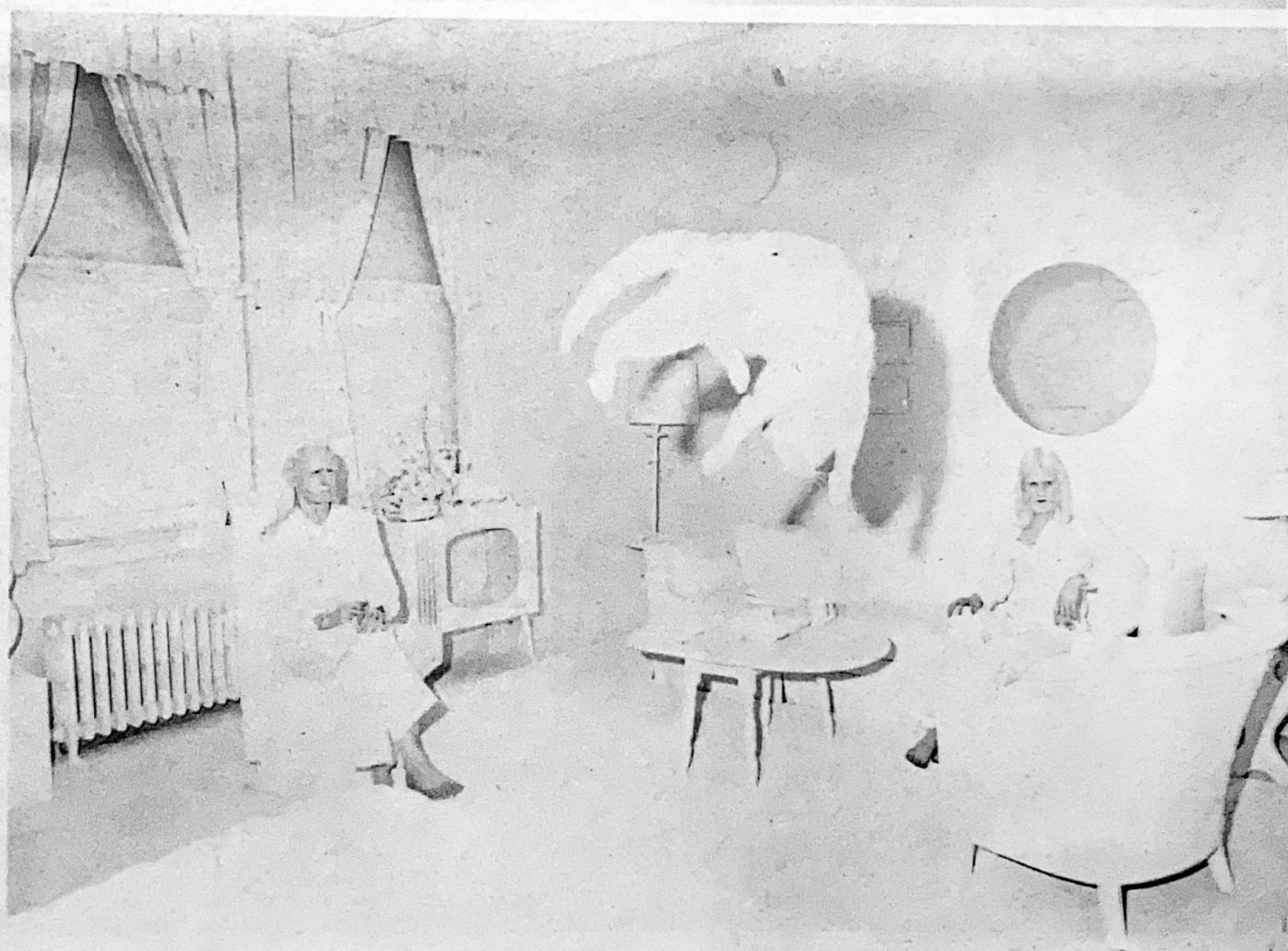
JW: Yeah, I think it's probably harder nowadays to make it—and I'm not talking about Patti or Bruce, but I don't really like too much of the music that's going on now. It's back to the slick music that I've always disliked. It seems like it kind of goes in phases.

LD: *So what's in your future?*

JW: I'm not really contemplating any changes; I just don't want to get tied down anymore than I already am.

LD: *You're going to be going on the road with Edgar this summer?*

JW: Yeah, if we can work things out. A live album with Edgar and I both, will probably be released sometime this summer; we're just going to go out and do a short tour together, because it's more than a short tour, our musical differences are so great that we'd probably kill each other.



Stage Set — Ralph Lauren Hair — Thierry of Pierre Michel Make Up — Gigi Williams of Diane von Furstenberg

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**BILL WYMAN'S
NEW ALBUM
"STONE ALONE"**

ON ROLLING STONES
RECORDS & TAPES
PRODUCED BY BILL WYMAN



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DISTRIBUTED BY ATLANTIC RECORDS



by Andy Warhol

(Tape #2, Side A.)

Wednesday, March 10, 1976, 2:00 P.M.
Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th Street. AW
has just stepped inside this combina-
tion soda fountain-curio shop that
gave him one of his first art shows in
the 50s. Steven Bruce, the owner,
greeted him.

SB: Hi. I was just planning your table.

AW: We're bringing you all the big
stars—Paulette Goddard, Ginger
Rogers...

SB: How many are you?

AW: I think five. Do you have a few
words about Ginger?

SB: Just one—"exciting." And it's hot
when you take it in your mouth.

AW is joined at a corner table by Bob

Colacello and Barbara Allen. Then
GINGER arrives with Myrna Post, her
publicist. GINGER's wearing a rust-
colored suede suit over a grey
turtleneck.

GINGER: Shall I come over to this
spot? If I can make it! I'm in my suede
which doesn't let me move.

AW: Listen, your show is so great. I
mean, it's just so terrific.

GINGER: Thank you, dear, I'm so
pleased!

AW: It's the best show we've ever seen
at the Waldorf.

GINGER: Is it really? That's exciting to
hear.

BC: Marisa wanted to come with us
today to help with the interview but
she's in California. But she was stan-

ding up and cheering. She was so ex-
cited.

GINGER: She's such a lovely girl and I
was so pleased to meet her. We sort of
hit the papers all over. The three of
us—you Andy, me and Marisa.

AW: Oh, I know—The Christian
Science Monitor.

GINGER: No, every paper.

AW: Yes, but that was our favorite.

GINGER: But we hit every paper. In
fact, there were three or four different
photographs of the same moment.

AW: I liked it because everyone's eyes
were going in a different direction.

GINGER: That's right because
everybody's saying something to
somebody else. And that's generally
the case.

AW: Gee, it's such a great show. Are

you going somewhere else with the
show?

GINGER: We're going to San Fran-
cisco from here for two weeks at the
Fairmont and then we go back home
and do a little mending and pressing of
the costumes.

AW: Your costumes are the best.

GINGER: Aren't they lovely? Jean
Louis did them and he's one of my
very, very favorites. What are we all
having?

MP: Well, they have the most divine
sundaes here and then they have the
most divine different types of tea and
they also have...

GINGER: This is ice-cream sundae
land!

MP: They have really divine Key Lime
pie, divine lemon ice-box pie...

Orders are taken. AW has tea and toast. BA and BC have foot-long hot dogs. So does GINGER. MP urges GINGER to order frozen hot chocolate.

GINGER: OK, I'll do it, I'll go for it. It's a cute place. I've never been here. Look at the dishes they're serving over there. That's a health food thing. That's fascinating—that salad.

AW: Are you a health food person?

GINGER: No, I'm not a health food addict, Andy. I just love fresh food. I have no specialties. In the first place, it would be unwise for me if I did because the way I go, I would be starving half the time if I waited for something to be just so.

GINGER's frozen hot chocolate arrives.

Oh, you're kidding! What in the world did I say "yes" to? The cab driver just as I came over said, "I hear your dancing partner was out dancing last night with the First Lady." And I said, "I beat him to it! I danced with the President about six weeks ago!" I said, "So what else is new?" What did she call this? A "frozen hot chocolate"?

AW: It's the whipped cream that's the best.

GINGER: It's so thick I can't get it through the thingamagig here!

AW: I think the last time we were here was with Paulette Goddard.

GINGER: How is Paulette these days?

AW: She's great. We're doing a book together. We just saw her in Zurich. She's coming back this week.

BC: Did she study with your mother? Your mother used to train many of the stars, didn't she?

GINGER: She did? I can't remember. Mother had the school on the R.K.O. lot and she put plays together. They put her under contract as an instructor, teacher and producer of plays and even try-outs of plays that they wanted to see what looked like. She really has an interesting background. Lucille Ball, Betty Grable, Tyrone Power—the list is so enormous that I really don't remember them very well. She had a hand in helping to mold an awful lot of people. There're some people that have gotten out of the business entirely, like Leon Ames. She named Leon Ames. The name may not mean anything to you but...

AW: Sure it does. He's great.

GINGER: She named him. He's now in the car business and he's very successful. Once in a while he does something theatrical but he's a very successful owner of two or three I think Pontiac-Buick places.

BC: Where do you go after the Waldorf?

GINGER: We go to San Francisco and Dallas. We've been invited to go to South Africa, we've been invited to go to Australia, we've been invited to go to Sweden, we've been invited to go to England to the Palladium—it'd be just marvelous to go there. I'd would absolutely adore it.

GINGER's foot-long hot dog arrives.

What did I say "yes" to? What am I doing to myself today? This is terrible. I may not even be able to walk out of here! Don't you think that's overdoing it a little? I think this is a little too much.

BA: It must be so exhausting. Do you do anything to keep in shape?

GINGER: I do warm-ups every day. About 45 minutes to an hour of warm-ups is the intelligent thing to do. I mean, if you're an athlete you do warm-ups. You warm-up for tennis before you play it, you warm-up for golf before you play it.

BC: What I thought was great about your performance opening night was it didn't seem to exhaust you at all. It seemed that you got more energy with each number.

GINGER: I think it's true if you love your art. When I'm playing tennis, the more I play the better I get, the more energy I have. And that's true of a lot of athletes. How do you eat this thing? You're having toast and tea, Andy? Oh, aren't you clever? Maybe that's what I should have done.

AW: You have the best-looking face.

GINGER: Oh, man! Thank you, darling! Thank you very much.

AW: I have the drawing I did of you in the 60s when I was doing more of that kind of thing at one of the museums. It's on exhibit at one of the drawing shows.

GINGER: Really? Why didn't I know about this before?

AW: It's in the art world. Nobody ever tells you about anything in the art world. Movies are more exciting, don't you think?

GINGER: Well, life. Life is more exciting. I love movies, I love television performances but nothing equals having the people right in front of you in a club.

AW: Are you going to do a movie soon at all?

GINGER: No, I have no offers. Nothing that's been offered me has been of any quality I would even touch. I'm not interested in murdering your grandmother, murdering your five-year old daughter and strapping her up! Who wants to do that?

AW: We're doing one called "Bad."

GINGER: Well, that's not my cup of tea.

BA: Do you like movies that you see today?

GINGER: Truly, dear, I don't get a chance to see too much, to be quite honest with you. No, I have a theory about what I do. I feel that, personally, unless I can add something to the betterment of the world, I don't want to be a part of it. Now that may seem very highfaluting to you but there's an attitude towards life that each of us have that we pursue and I have had an attitude of that kind of thinking since I was small. It's not unusual, really. Each of us are directed in different channels and different thinking patterns. My pattern happens to be one that may not coincide with many others but I'm privileged to have it. Right? It would be like putting me in Russia where I don't speak the language and asking me to make my way and earn a living—it's just out of my ken. So I can't involve myself in things that don't have some amount of fun, joy, happiness, gaiety—that kind of thing. If it has to be violence and killing and obscenities and nudity and stuff like that, it's just not my bag. It isn't my bag and never has been and it never could be and I would look like a fish out of water. And I know it. I'm wise enough to know that that's not for me. I'd love to have the privilege of doing another film or two or three or four, but it would want it to be something that suits my particular "costuming," shall we say.

BC: We asked Vivian Vance to play the lead in the film called "Bad" and she said to come back when we had something called "Good." She said Ethel Mertz could just not turn into a murderer.

GINGER: You know I did it once. Zanuck called me and I was in Europe and said, "I've got a story just for you. Ya know I wouldn't tell ya wrong." I

said, "What is it?" He said, "Look, trust me!" So I said, "Gosh, if you think so, I'll do it." When I got home I found out I was playing the role of a strangled girl! You never saw it taking place but nevertheless she was strangled. It was called "The Black Widow."

AW: And what happened?

GINGER: Everyone was so surprised!

AW: Did it make a lot of money?

GINGER: I don't know. I think so.

BA: Where do you live?

GINGER: I have a ranch in Oregon. And I have a little lair home outside of Palm Springs in Rancho Mirage next to Frank Sinatra. There's a great huge vacant lot between Frank and me.

BC: Did you go to the Annenberg's dinner for Nixon in Palm Springs?

GINGER: No, I wasn't there. I always leaves just as all the excitement's taking place. I'm always busy going and doing something elsewhere and I get home and there're stacks of marvelous printed invitations which have come and they've all gone by!

BC: I've always wanted to go there. It must be beautiful with the desert all around it.

GINGER: It is. It's a wonderful barren kind of beauty with chocolate mountains that really look like chocolate. Just to walk around in that wonderful dry air is so good for you.

BC: Have you met Nixon?

GINGER: Yes, I have. I haven't met all the presidents of my time but I'll tell you I've had the joy and privilege of meeting most of them.

BC: Have you danced with each of them?

GINGER: Well, it would be awfully hard to dance with Roosevelt, I would think!

BA: Which one did you like the most?

GINGER: I liked them all for different reasons. Ike Eisenhower I liked very much.

AW: Did you ever perform at the White House?

GINGER: I've done what you might call an "instant performance" when the President asked me if I'd dance for him and I did. President Roosevelt asked me to dance for him.

AW: I went the White House about six months ago and it was just so exciting. I think they should invite every American. Every day they should have dinners and just invite anybody. It would be so great.

GINGER: It's wonderfully impressive to be there and see the order. We all should be proud of it.

AW: I like Ford a lot. I'm not sure I like Reagan. I don't know why. I liked him as a movie star.

GINGER: He's really a very brilliant fellow. Yes, he is. And I think if you really sat and talked with him and had quiet discussions with him, you'd find he was amazingly mentally attuned. I was shocked to the point I couldn't believe it. I worked with him—of course he was an actor then—but now, there isn't any question you could ask him about politically...

(End of Side A.)

(Tape #2, Side B.)

GINGER: ... very brilliant fellow. I don't know where it's going to take him but I think he's going to be a great help to this country in some way—a great, great, great help. You know, politics is something very hard to love.

AW: I've been going down to Washington and I think it's one of the great new places. Everyone's so attractive. It's like what I would have thought Hollywood was like a long time ago. But then Hollywood's getting really exciting again, too.

GINGER: I saw you there only a few weeks ago.

AW: Wasn't that exciting? But, you see, during the 60s people put down the movie business which is so great. Even the people who live there still put it down which I can't understand.

GINGER: I never have been able to understand the attitude of people there. It's a snobbery. If you lived in France and you did that they'd say, "It's a snob."

AW: I think people like you are our royalty. Or you should be.

GINGER: That's dear of you to say.

AW: There're so many people who have worked so hard and given so much and everybody loves them so much and the government doesn't do anything for them. They should be put way up there and treated so royally.

BC: In England great entertainers are knighted.

GINGER: They're knighted and damed and everything.

AW: But if they don't have money they should be given money so that they don't have to think about working because they've already worked hard.

GINGER: It would be nice for you to sponsor it.

AW: We're going to try.

BC: You should run for office on the Movie Starticket.

GINGER: Andy and I—that's a cute idea.

BC: That's why I like Liza (Minelli) and Lorna (Luft) because of the younger ones they have a respect for their heritage and want to be stars and believe in it. I think what's so boring is when somebody's in the position of a star and they're putting down their own position and they want to pretend they're just Mr. Average.

GINGER: It's like Mr. Scott who's won an Academy Award and refuses to even acknowledge the fact, which I think is the height of ingratitude. That's my opinion. I think it's ingratitude of the lowest order.

AW: And then he thought it was so easy to do he tried to produce his own movie and it wasn't successful.

GINGER: Well, if you don't learn one way, you learn another! It keeps coming back, like a song. Movies are great fun, really, but the entertainment is something we should strive for. You realize that Mr. Disney's company has made more money in his own way than any other company in the world. They've given quality, they've given entertainment and they've given hope. You wouldn't see him do a disaster story, would you?

AW: I feel funny when you say that because that's all I did in the 60s.

GINGER: Excuse me. I am not being personal. I apologize if it sounds like I am. I am not.

AW: I was just trying to say I was making movies for like \$15,000 a movie, turning out a whole feature in a week, so we had to think of another way of creating entertainment. I wasn't thinking about the subject matter. I just had the actors make up the stories because I couldn't do clean movies that looked really great for \$15,000. Oh, I did some publicity this morning for Halston so I brought it for you.

AW gives GINGER a bottle of Halston perfume on a chain.

GINGER: Hey, how about that! Isn't that darling? Isn't that cute? It's a Halston perfume?

AW: The bottle is by Elsa Peretti.

GINGER: Yes, she does the little silver things, doesn't she? Isn't that lovely? Why, you lamb! May I give you a back?



Barbara Allen

GINGER gives AW a peck. Then he gives her a copy of his philosophy book which he promised her in Hollywood but didn't know where to send. BC remembers the occasion; AW told him he *must* be in Hollywood because he just ran into GINGER Rogers in the lobby. Then GINGER tells the others the story she told AW about telling the cab driver she danced with the President before Fred Astaire danced with the First Lady. Then AW tells about meeting Fred when he was at the White House. He says he was very sweet. GINGER concedes he's "dear" and "precious." Then AW and GINGER talk about the movies she made with Ray Milland. Then GINGER tries to remember the name of her leading man in "It Had to Be You."

GINGER: Isn't this terrible? It's on the tip of my tongue. He has dark brown eyes, curly hair and a kind of handsome-sinister look to him. Isn't this just frightening?

AW: Did it come out after the Gertrude Lawrence story you did? That was so great.

GINGER: Oh, yes, a long time after. Why can't I say his name? This is driving me nutty! Can you help? He's dark-haired with very sultry, burning kind of eyes. He looks more like a handsome villain than a leading man.

MP: I saw it. "It Had to Be You," "It Had to Be You" ... was this the one that was in the show on Broadway recently? No? Not Tyrone Power?

GINGER: No, he's still living. He's still walking around. He produces independent films now on his own.

AW: Cornell Wilde!

GINGER: Cornell Wilde! Thank you, darling! You win the hand-painted jelly bean! Wouldn't you say he was more villainous-looking than leading man?

MP: I always thought he was sexy in his own way.

GINGER: That has nothing to do with it because we wouldn't recognize that! Wouldn't you say he's more non-leading man than leading man?

BC: Who is your all-time favorite leading man?

GINGER: I think Cary Grant is my definition of what a leading man should look like.

AW: People don't look like that nowadays. It's a different style. Isn't that funny?

GINGER: Well, there's Robert Redford. I saw him in "Barefoot in the Park" here and I said, "That boy's going to be a star!" and I'm so glad he has proven to be because it gives you faith in your ability to—so that's who smokes those black things that are sitting around my desk at my hotel! Aren't you wicked?

MP: They're not cigars, they're cigarettes.

GINGER: Black cigarettes! I bet you wear garters with little snaps on them, too!

AW: But when did they start with unattractive people in the movies?

GINGER: Don't you think it was when they started say, "she's the girl next door"? I loved it when Doris Day was interviewed the other day and she said, "I am not 'the girl next door'! I never have been 'the girl next door'!" And so the interviewer—I think it was Merv Griffin—said, "Well who do you think is 'the girl next door'?" Are you ready for this? They both thought and they both came up with "Ginger Rogers!"

She is not "the girl next door" but I am! I think that's wonderful!

AW: No, that was a compliment.

GINGER: It's a compliment? No, it's a compliment. No, I find that you have to see what people are trying to say.

MP: In those days you were not "the girl next door" type because you were too glamorous for that, but possibly people thought you had that sweet...

BA: You were nice.

AW: You were always the 12-year old next door.

GINGER: The tap-dancer next door that kept you up all night!

MP: Tell Andy that wonderful story about the little girl.

GINGER: Well, it's just absolutely a riot! I was on my way to Arizona because I was going to see if I wanted to buy a house there—I thought "Palm Springs, Arizona..." you understand—so my friend took me to

the airport and the plane was late. So we went in a little coffee shop and as we walked in a little mother and her little daughter were sitting there and we walked by the table—she had her little feet up, she wasn't even touching the ground—I heard her mutter, "Dinther Wodthers!" And I said to my friend, "Do you know that child just called my name?" And she looked at her and said, "How could she have? She's only three or four!" Pretty soon I heard little feet coming up behind us and she said, "Mith Wodthers, wud you pwease autogwaph my book?" And I looked at this little, tiny thing and said "Honey, how old are you? How could you possibly...?" And before I could finish the sentence her little mother had come over and she said, "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Rogers, I know it's very rude of us to come over and interrupt you because you don't have any privacy but I want to tell you my little daughter wouldn't even finish her ice cream until she got your autograph." And I said, "How in the world could she know me?" And she said, "Since she was a baby, we put her in her pram and put her in front of the television and she sit there and watch things and pretty soon, when she got old enough to know faces, we'd say, 'That's so-and-so and that's so-and-so.' And she'd see things over and over again and there's one film that you did for television and every Easter we've seen it. It's called 'Cinderella' and you play the Queen and my daughter just loves it." And then she said, "But I think, Miss Rogers, you really should know what my daughter said right after you passed the table." She said, "She looked up at me and said, 'Mommy, what's a queen doing in an airport?'"

MP: Isn't that adorable?

GINGER: I think that's just adorable! Isn't that a cute story?

MP: I love that! It's my favorite story. Children are so priceless!

GINGER: It's a precious story.

AW: It is cute. You know, Ginger, I'm sure that people like you wrote a lot of your own lines in the movies. That's what I was trying to bring back in my

movies. It's like that story you told in your show about talking Pig Latin. It was things like that that made it great.

GINGER: I had to tell that story because I thought it was such a happening. The boss comes in and you think, "I'm going to get it!" and it ends up in the picture! And ideas are such wonderful things. You never know where good ideas come from. I'll never forget George Stevens in a film that I was in with Jimmy Stewart. At the end of the day we were coming to the end of the picture and we were doing a closing scene where the two people were embracing and it was just "Fade-Out." And he was so dissatisfied. He kept saying, "It's not right, it's not right." So he just chewed on his pipe and walked up and down and up and down and kept saying, "Something's missing." He had a desire in mind that wasn't being fulfilled. This shows you how interesting ideas are. As he was pacing the Assistant Director called him over. You know, ideas come and... the idea was that these two people in this story had had such one whale of a time getting together at all—the fact that they were even in each others arms—that everyone was saying, "Thank God! They're together!" So the idea that was given to him, which is what he was hunting for but didn't know he was hunting for it, was that he photographed us going into an embrace on a train and, as we embrace, the camera cuts to the front of the train and the whistle goes, "Wooo-woo! Wooo-woo!"

AW: That is great.

GINGER: Isn't that wonderful? "Wooo-woo! Wooo-woo!" Those are the things, you see, that the industry has lost. It does not do the wonderful turn ideas. It comes right down and...

GINGER looks down at her empty frozen hot chocolate glass.

GINGER: ... a glass is a glass is a glass is a glass. And you get tired of that! Shall we vanish into...?

—redacted by Chris Hemphill





Keith McDermott

the boy in burton's shadow



by Patrick Merla

Once again the headlines are full of Liz and Dick, prompted this time by Richard Burton's appearance on Broadway in Peter Shaffer's *Equus*, and by the couple's subsequent separation and apparently imminent divorce. Six nights each week hundreds of people gather at the stage door of the Plymouth Theater to see Burton as he emerges. But reviewers and theatergoers have also begun to notice Burton's co-star in *Equus*, Keith McDermott. Born of an Irish father and a Welsh mother, Keith grew up in Texas and Ohio and studied at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts. While in England he also modeled for painter David Hockney and for various fashion magazines. Upon his return to the United States he appeared with the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford and at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D. C. A founding member of the Lion Theatre Company in New York, he worked as a waiter between acting jobs. His most recent appearance before *Equus* was in the American premiere of David Storey's *Life Class* at the Manhattan Theatre Club. What is it like for a relatively unknown actor to appear each night as co-star to a world-famous celebrity? Keith McDermott spoke about his experiences recently over lunch.

Tell me about working with Burton.

KM: When we first met I didn't know what to call him. All I could think of was to ask, "Could I have one of your cigarettes, Mr. Burton?" — to see if he'd say, "Call me Richard." He did. So I started smoking again, and now I'm up to two packs a day. He's very kind to me. I was frightened he wouldn't like me and would get rid of me. But he

didn't. He took me to Sardi's the first day. I think to get to know me. But we were both too nervous. I wanted him to know I wasn't a klutz. So when he asked me what I'd done, what training I'd had, I pushed all my classics and left out the summer stock, *Sweet Charity*-type credits. Our strongest bond is that we're both Welsh. When my mom came to see the show they spoke Welsh together. She brought a "small" party of about ten people. Burton came downstairs and met them all. I was terrified that they were going to ask him, "Well, what's the real truth about Liz?" But, thank God, they didn't. He was very gracious. He always is. He could go out the back of the theater after the show to avoid the crowds, but he doesn't. He says people wait so long to see him and that it's just not fair to do that.

Have you met Liz? What was that like?
KM: When she came to the theater they had to lower the house lights to sneak her in, because they were afraid the audience would pay more attention to her than they did to the play. She was very inconspicuous. She wore a white feather boa. The audience was fine, but I could hardly get my lines out, I wanted to look at her so badly. **How did you become interested in the theater?**

KM: I always liked being the center of attention. When I was twelve in Dayton, Ohio, a girlfriend and I used to go downtown and take turns fainting as people came out of the theater. Crowds would gather around us on the sidewalk, and then someone would help us up and walk us to the bus. We'd get on and go to another theater and do it again.

Didn't you get a reputation?

KM: I was always slight-looking, so everybody believed it. I still have problems. One time in England I was up for a part and the director told me, "I'm sorry, Mr. McDermott, you have the bloom of hope in your eyes. We can't use you."

What was it like working with John Dexter?

KM: I'd been warned that he was hard on actors, insulting, mean. But I found him wonderful. He wants immediate results, so you do have to gear yourself to translate what he says into your own actor's terms and do it on the spot. The first day of rehearsal I had been preparing backstage and was very much in the mood for the part. I

came out to do my scene. In the middle of it I heard Dexter's voice from the back of the house. "Stop! Mr. McDermott, do you know what you are? One of those actors who says, 'I will only do sensitive parts!' I'm so sick of sensitive actors." I knew what he meant. I was playing it too soft, he wanted an angrier quality. My temptation was A) to run out of the theater, or B) to defend myself or argue.

And you chose?

KM: C) To keep my mouth shut and do it, which, fortunately, was correct.

You and Burton seem to have a tremendous rapport on stage. What's it like on a night-to-night basis?

KM: Every night is different. He said once that he loves the sense of danger on stage, of something happening to upset the formality of the production. I love that, too. It puts me right into the moment of the scene. For instance, in Act One he asks me what the word "Eq" means, and startles me, because I've said it in my sleep and don't realize he's overheard it. At first he'd ask softly, "What does the word..." and shout "Eq!" And I'd literally jump in my seat. But another night he'll come up and whisper to me. He's such a master at the lines that he sets the rhythm and I answer him back in it. Or else I break the rhythm to defy him. Our characters are always battling. Then he'll come back and force me into another. It's a sort of vocal juxtaposition we get off on.

Is there any similarity between you and Alan Strang?

KM: I grew up around horses, so I know about them. They really are sexy. Alan's religious and sexual experiences are strongly associated. That seems to be in my nature, too. I look at myself a lot in sexual terms. I'll feel sexy if I'm in a good mood. Or if I'm not or sick I won't feel sexy. Not that I have it a lot.

Has your life changed much as a result of being in *Equus*?

KM: Well, people come up to me now and say, "Hi, remember me? I saw you outside the Seagram Building." And they mean they saw me passing in the street. All of a sudden I'm hearing from people I haven't heard from in years. Mostly, though, when I'm not at the theater, I work at home.

Tell me about it.

KM: Before *Equus* I was working with a friend on a portion of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*. We memorized it

backwards and forwards, so we could perform every possible variation of the lines. I wanted to see what would happen if you took dialogue, gave it a naturalistic intonation and shifted the lines so that the material didn't make sense—whether the inflections would still carry the meaning of the scene and of the lines. I like repetition. My biggest influence is Robert Wilson. His new opera is the best thing I've ever heard. It's called *Einstein*.

You're interested in experimental theater, then?

KM: No, I'm interested in Robert Wilson. He's the most uncorrupted artist I know of. When he gets a vision he takes it and, without letting anyone else change it or reshape it, puts it on the stage.

Do you get along well with the rest of the cast?

KM: They're really supportive. I love them. It's known for being one of the closest casts. Everybody goes downstairs and has coffee before they get dressed to go on.

Have any famous people come back?

KM: Jack Nicholson came back. Hermione Gingold. Shelley Winters. Maureen Stapleton came back and said that Mary Doyle, who plays the nurse, has the best part in the show. Sandy Dennis came back. She said she thought I was terrific it was wonderful. And then there was Katherine Hepburn, although I wouldn't exactly call that a meeting.

Explain?

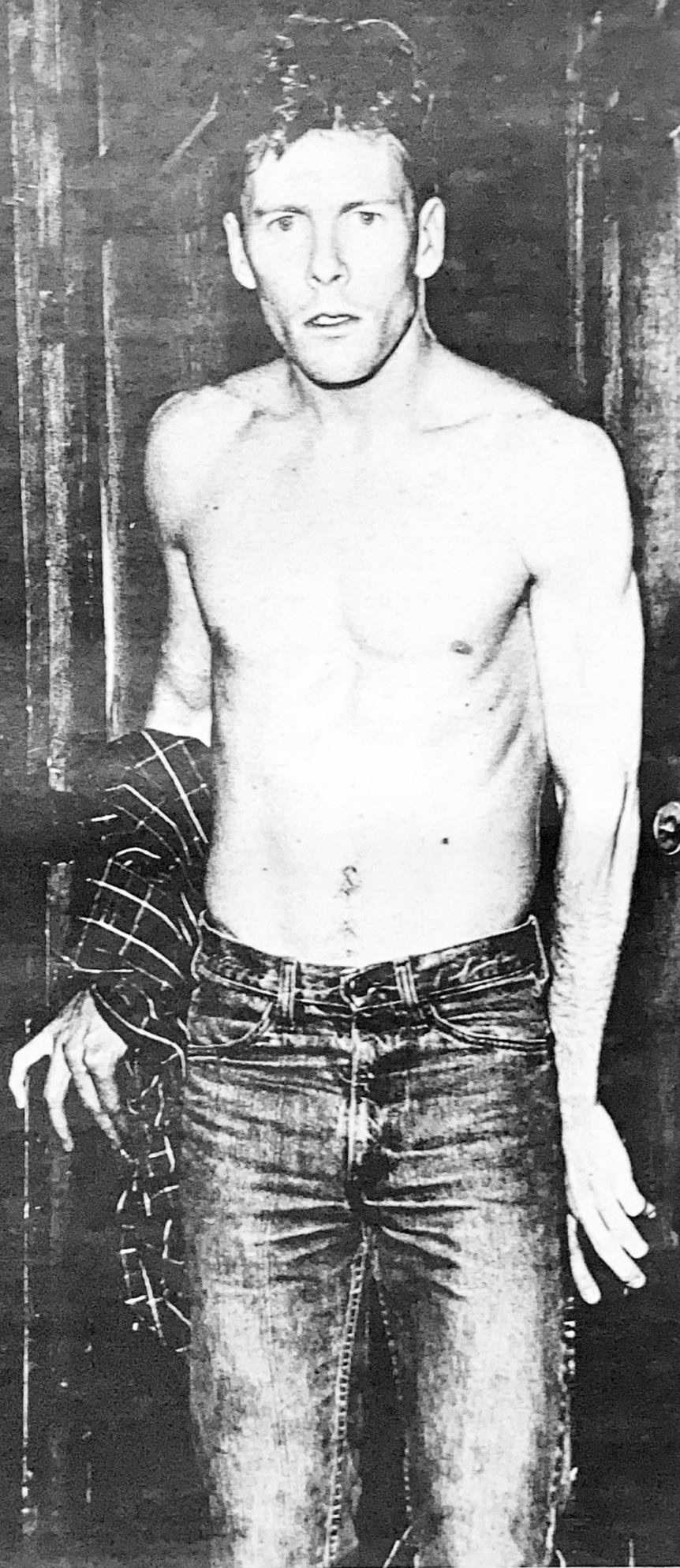
KM: Well, our theater connects backstage with the Broadhurst, and sometimes the stagehands get together before the shows start. I was waiting to go on and wandering around at the Broadhurst when I saw her. She asked a stagehand who I was. When he told her she said, "Get him out of here. He's in a degenerate play." The famous people come to see Burton. Every night, before we go on, I ask Richard who's famous in the audience, what famous friends he has. He says, "Well, let's see, Keith. Tonight we have..." and he tells me. Lots of actors are superstitious about knowing somebody's in the audience. But I love it.

Has playing the part of a mad boy had any unusual effects on your personal life?

KM: Yes. I dream about horses.

What kind of dreams?

KM: Sexy.



Little EDITH BOUVIER BEALE

by Kathryn G. Graham

EDIE: Where are you from, New York?
KATHRYN: Connecticut.

Oh, for goodness sakes.

I went to boarding school not far from where you went. I went to Ethel Walker's.

An Ethel Walker girl. They were quite something. Very strong-minded women came out of Ethel Walker.

Well, how about Farmington?

Oh they were social.

Are you glad you went to boarding school?

Oh, yes. It was heaven. Complete absolute heaven—the nearest to Utopia on this earth. I had a good time from the minute I got there, and I cried when I left. We had marvelous clothes. All coming from Brooks Brothers. And strings of pearls. Some of them were real pearls.

Did having the Maysles in the house disrupt anything?

Everything in the house is difficult. We have an animal problem. I have a mother who can't walk. We have no servants. Now I'm the cook because Mother stopped her cooking, you know, became very ill with a virus last winter. She's got some of her strength back, but now I'm the cook. We've always had a myriad set of problems in the house, which makes it so interesting, because then you fight to keep the house, and the daily struggle makes you think that you are accomplishing something really terrific in life, to hold down something that you can't cut yourself off from. So the Maysles coming into the house simply made them part of our house.

Was anything about your lives left out of the film?

I just wanted them to take more shots of me dancing, and probably Mother wanted more of her songs sung, or her records played. That's really the only thing that we live for, really. I'm mad about music and—and she still thinks, ah, she has a magnificent voice, you know. For her age, you know.

What was your favorite part of the movie?

Oh, the dance with the flag. Naturally. Anything with the flag gets me. Boy! You have to keep remembering the flag.

So you're patriotic?

Don't you know about the Bouvier family? I shouldn't say that. I never should mention Bouvier. My cousin Jack Davis called up and said shut up and don't say anything. It'll backfire. You know Jack—he wrote that book on the Bouviers. I couldn't understand why he was so annoyed. Well, we were brought up that way. Patriotic.

Have you been living in East Hampton steadily since 1952?

Oh yes, my mother told me I had to



Edie's chimney piece photographed by Peter Beard.

return home. She was alone. With my dog. My dog died in 1958, and Mother became a cat lover, unfortunately. But then we got a few too many cats. But then they died off. Can't explain it, when you get too many nature takes them away. Do you like cats?

In the movie it seemed the house was being worked on.

In 1972, Lee Radziwill came in and hired some people from the village, and they put up some gypsum board ceilings instead of real plaster, cause some of the rooms, the plaster was falling. And then they gave us wooden shingles, but then they left very suddenly. And the house was never finished.

Would you like to live a different way?

I wouldn't live there at all. I love very, very hot weather and loads of swimming, and I haven't been to the beach in five years.

Why not? Isn't the beach right there?

Well, number one, we were raided, we had intense publicity, and my mother got a very bad reaction. She became very frail. I couldn't leave her. Couldn't leave the house.

How is your visit to New York?

Oh, I'm crazy about The Plaza. I've had a wonderful time. But when I get into New York something hits me—a most terrible pain. It must be old memories of the past. They call it nostalgia. But I always did get something when I came into New York. I started to get a breathless thing where I almost lost consciousness. I just feel something about New York City. Perhaps its going to be bombed and done away with.

What do you think of the Maysles?

I'm mad about everything they do, I think they're absolutely superb.

Did anybody else approach you to do the movie?

Yes. People wrote us letters after the raid to do a movie. And they wanted Julie Christie to play Edith Beale. That really got me. I didn't want anybody playing Edith Beale. If anybody is going to play Edith Beale it's going to be Edith Beale. I don't know who was going to do Mother. My goodness, I never thought of that. Probably Dame Witty.

Do you go into town, into East Hampton at all?

No. I wouldn't set foot in East Hampton. They raided my mother's house. They almost killed her. From emotional shock.

What—what do you mean?

Twelve or fifteen people came into the house, led by an East Hampton detective, and the lawyer for the Village Board. They told us we would have to vacate the house immediately. They took pictures of my mother's house, and locked us out of our rooms, and they served what I believe was a fake search warrant. I was not allowed to read the search warrant, it was presented inside the house, instead of outside. I don't know who was behind it. I don't know whether it was my relatives, I don't know whether it was my brothers, I think they all collaborated. I think they made up later what the warrant said. They were looking for dead cats and an uninhabitable house. They said we had no water, no lights, no food, electricity. That was the official line. The Suffolk County Board of Health.

Are you friendly with your brothers or not?

Oh, yes, they're terribly attractive. Divine looking. No, I don't see them. Have they seen the film?

Oh, they wouldn't go to see it for anything in the world. They are extremely conservative.

If your mother hadn't needed you so much, where do you think you would have lived?

Oh, nowhere but New York City. I might have been able to succeed. I didn't have a chance. I'm awfully slow. What do you mean?

I don't think I lived in New York City more than five years on my own. I left home in 1947, or '46, and I returned in 1952, to Mother. I never got away again. I was a model. I did shows in the garment district. I never did photography, because I was, afraid of my father. He saw my pictures in Bacharach's window and broke it. I was so terrified of my father. I thought he'd have me fired. Stop everything. He never approved of anything that his children did. My brothers were able to get away. They were drafted.

And how did you feel when he died?

Oh, I felt terrible regret. I hadn't been what he wanted. Woman lawyer. I felt that I disappointed him so.

In the summer don't you go out and lie in the sun, and go swimming?

Well, I never got to the beach after they raided us. Because I was followed to the beach by agents, they had a dossier on me at the Suffolk County Health Board, and they thought I was crazy, and they said these terrible things. I'm damaged. I'm damaged. I'm hurt—so hurt. You know, I loved America. What I loved about America was the voting system. I still vote. That's what this country is all about. Getting in there and pulling the lever. I'll never give that up. The police cut blocks out of the chairs. Looking for dope. They were supposed to find narcotics. I don't know why they thought we did things like that. They came in five times.

Did you follow politics?

Mad about politics. I feel there's going to be a Democratic victory. I don't mind Ford. I used to know him when he was a Yale law student. But I don't think he is going to get re-elected. I have to look into this Jimmy Carter; I read a lot about him.

What did you think of Watergate?

Oh, I couldn't believe it. Unbelievable. I think our raid's like Watergate. They said we didn't live correctly. We didn't have the right lifestyle. My mother said that I made all the trouble. I made some posters and—and joined a group. Eugene McCarthy was the head of it. I only did it because I was a Democrat. I thought it was a wonderful thing to try to get Johnson out. I didn't realize I was going against the government. But you know, we did get 300 letters after that raid.

People were sympathetic to the fact that your rights were violated?

I think that was it. Because what is the country anyway? Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and the free enterprise system.



VICTOR HUGO



by Rose Hartman

Victor Hugo is a 29 year old artist who left Venezuela 5 years ago; he has never regretted the move to N.Y.C.

At the moment, Victor Hugo is fast building his reputation based on imaginative window displays that have appeared at Valentino's, Kamali, and most frequently, at Halston's where even the most jaded Mad Avenue stroller has been mesmerized.

ROSE HARTMAN: Are you dissatisfied with any aspect of yourself?

VICTOR HUGO: Not at all. I have goodness and evil, beauty and... All I want to do is avoid doing the same thing every day. That is vulgar. Doing what I'm doing now—in the circle of life—is better than anything else I could imagine. What is most important is having a balance, darling.

It's hard for me to believe that you would not change any part of you.

I'm a poor dreamer that reality tries to kill every day. I see the world from a completely different viewpoint from the way it is—in fact. For me, the best time of living is between now and 35. If there's something to do, it's got to happen now.

Your head seems filled with a million whimsical ideas. I often think of you as a peripatetic art piece darting from situation to situation. I loved that astronaut underwear suit that you wore to the Whitney opening, and the canvas that you draped yourself in causing a minor sensation when you rolled slowly across the floor of The Cultural Center's cooling-out party.

The canvas was a painting I had done four years ago when I was in my P.R. color mood. I'm glad that I'm out of the academy period now. I saw that particular evening as the museum's funeral. Since art frustrates me, I couldn't miss the chance to do an homage to the death of art.

When you designed those mannequins for The Showfreak Ball, were you trying to make a particular art statement?

No, just adding to the unreal atmosphere created by those hundreds of people who came as their secret fantasies. For me, reality began to intervene only when the elephant moved across the armory and defecated.

How would you describe yourself?
As a former South American. Patriotism limits your sophistication and creates a plexiglass mood. I want to be known as myself. I am myself all the time. I want to be open to everything.

To all experiences then—good and bad. And to lots of affairs?

My favorite affair is the one I have with my mind. I must say something here that perhaps sounds contradictory, but there is no such person as me.

What do you mean?
Sometimes I feel that I'm 200 or 2000 years old. I have a flashback, and think I have all the complexes of humanity.

You've always given me the impression that you are very much connected with what is going on now. I also have the feeling that the frenetic pace of your life makes you very jaded—the people you hang around with, etc.?

Perhaps you would describe me as jaded, darling, but I prefer to say that in living there is absolutely nothing that is bad. I can only say that I live fully 24 hours a day—and I regret nothing.

What is your definition of 24 hour-a-day living?

Well, darling, even when I'm sleeping, I am creating. I want to do many more things. More advertising layouts in newspapers. More fabulous art dresses [One made out of padded white bras is one of his more outrageous designs] that people can wear as well as hang in windows, on walls. I want to learn how to draw. I absolutely do not want to go to school to learn. For me, art schools are passe; they are a statement of decadence. When I arrived in N.Y., I used to go to The Art Students League, sign in and leave.

Any secret ambition that you've left out?

Well, yes. I want to be a movie star for 15 minutes. It's enough.

Your windows using Patty Hearst in manacles, changing The Daily News each day as it covered her trial, the ketchup filled shopping carts—THAT WAS REALLY INCREDIBLE!

Yes. I loved that window and the comment it made about women and con-

sumerism as well. For me, all the windows I design become my weekly painting. It's like a little soap opera. Each week, people come to see a new installment.

Any negative reaction to your windows?

Once I showed a woman who was pregnant lying in a private hospital room. By the end of the week, I had her holding a baby. A woman took lipstick and wrote across the window, "This is very sick." You know, the color of her lipstick was very fashionable.

Do you think you've revolutionized window display?

Yes, but I want to go still further. Do you remember the Rape window? A beautifully dressed woman comes out of a theatre; I show her lying on her back, her bag is open, her money still there.

You always seem optimistic, in love with life.

In art I'm negative, in life always positive. Soon simply living will take the place of art. Art is dead itself and what it expresses is too.

Is it because you find art so boring, so dead that you use 'real' situations in your windows?

There's nothing like the real thing. Aretha never sang as well as she did when she sang the Coca-Cola song. When you try to make art, you lose everything in the translation. Art is commercialism, prostitution. There is nothing better than reality.

You have a pretty good life here in N.Y. Do your present circumstances surprise you?

No. I've done everything, I'm not surprised by anything. Perhaps I'm just lucky. I understand how to cope with everyday life.

What about your life in Venezuela?

I used to do make up design for Helena Rubinstein and Mary Quant. I flew all over South America on promotions. I always had a feeling about painting, but it was only N.Y. that opened my consciousness and made me actually begin painting.

Tell me a little about your family.

My father was a writer; his grandmother was French. My mother's profession was being a mother. I have one sister, five brothers. If I did something wrong, my mother always said, "After all, he's an ARTIST, wrong or right."

You certainly aren't very modest. Modesty relates to mediocrity.

What are your impressions of Elsa Peretti?

Elsa is a friend, a nice bitch (hahaha). When I interviewed her in Fire Island, she was like a tiger. It was so cold that we drank bourbon all day to keep warm. I tried to inspire her so I could capture her wild beauty and femininity and put that in the frame of a picture.

Joe Eula?

He's the best fashion illustrator in the world today. As a person, he's a 24-hour human being. He has the whole package deal together—that's the best thing I can say about anyone.

Bianca Jagger?

One of the most intelligent and romantic women I've ever known.

Do you speak Spanish when you see her?

It's too slow; Spanish is a sleeping language. English is a hustling language, a taking language, a crisp language.

Halston?

He's a great man. For the past 4 years, he's helped me in a way that maybe he doesn't even know.

When is your birthday?

April Fool's Day—the day of the Great fools. I want to do something amusing for my friends.

What do you like to do to relax?

Well, darling. Dance. There are many other answers, but they are private.

Why do you use 'darling' so often?

Darling is only between us—as friends. I don't mean anything. It's like 'listen.' Remember, it's a serious package deal. It should look clean, like an advertisement.

Do you think many people like you?

If they don't, I don't care. I like myself. Even though, in my memoirs, I can't find myself. If you're just yourself, it's like being a little square. I like some people for their honesty, intelligence, and humanity—sometimes, only their plastic beauty. You know, I have friends where our friendship lasts a minute—even seconds.

One last question! What makes you angry?

Happiness, because there's no such thing.

Have I left anything out?

You haven't asked me about the Bicentennial.

Well?

200 years of America! This is the best country and the worst. It's up to you to make it survive.



Victor Hugo in state.

Alain Robbe-Grillet

is he an onanistic agronomist? asks Maxime de la Falaise McKendry

ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET is a highly experimental and obsessive writer, best known in this country for the screenplay of, *LAST YEAR IN MARIENBAD*, a milestone in movie history. He is the author of several novels, the latest being, *PROJECT FOR A REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK*. He has written two cine-novels which he considers to be totally different projects to novels or essays. His newest literary adventure is the making of a lithographed book with the artist Robert Rauschenberg.

I have some questions that I would like to ask you about your work, we can just use them as a spring-board to get off the ground.

I'm not going to dive off any spring board for the very simple reason that I am at the end of my stay, with an enormous sense of lassitude towards my own usual locuacity. I have attended twenty-five conferences at New York University, twenty-five more in other American Universities, plus about fifteen interviews, meetings with people, etc., so right now I am almost at 'the point of reject', as they say in surgery. I can no longer bear to hear myself expressing ideas.

Are you stimulated by giving these lectures over here? Doesn't the fact that you speak French and no English make things a little difficult?

No, we manage to have fascinating discussions. In any case, I am dealing only with graduate students, most of whom speak perfect French. I also find it rather interesting when certain students express themselves with difficulty in French. In the beginning of the series I enjoy lecturing. Towards the end it becomes quite monstrous and it could never take place in a period when I'm writing, or making a film. During these times I don't talk at all publicly. I don't give any interviews, I completely cease to express myself orally. What's interesting is that, once the work's finished, one decides in a sense to show the work, like a painter

who has worked in solitude for three years who suddenly decides to let in the world. He invites society figures into a large loft: I say 'society' as did COCTEAU:—"Art needs a knife in the ribs". I think it's rather terrible in a way. That artist, who has been working away in complete solitude, suddenly leans his canvasses against the wall, calls in the snobs, or the critics (who are the ideological watch-dogs) and he's stuck there answering questions—"What have you done? etc.". The artist's initial reaction to all this is: "But it's absurd, this is the contrary to my work, the very opposite, I shouldn't do this." Well, no! That is too simple a reaction. On the contrary, one must find out just how resistant all this solitary work is to being exposed in public. This is something that interests me, by the way, not so much with an aim to promoting my work as perhaps in reality to destroy it! I mean, to make me want to do something new after I have used conversation to completely disintegrate my work. This is why I like to talk of my most recent work, because it is still very close to me, still very much inside me, like *PROJECT FOR A REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK*, a book that will have a progressively revolutionary effect on cinema. Also *LA BELLE CAPTIVE*, a book built-around 75 paintings by MAGRITTE as though MAGRITTE were illustrating my text. I like to speak of these things, I am glad of the impact that they have, but the more I talk about them, the more I feel I am destroying them, and shall then be free to do something new.

When you write a novel, are you a cineaste who is writing a book or a writer who turns his works into films?

Neither one nor the other!

Because your writing seems so 'visual'...

I think that this visual aspect of my writing is a bit of an illusion! You know, I do not consider myself at all like a novelist who makes movies, or like a cineaste who writes: for me these are two completely separate activities. There is a common denomi-

nator of course, and that is me! But the very idea that a description can be analogous to an image is an almost absurd idea and the more I make films, the more I realise that they are not at all the same thing. The image is truly an image, while a description is nothing but words. A description is not written to enable the reader to see: that is an effect of images and I find that completely different. It's possible that the directors who have come to me with propositions to make movies, have thought that my novels were already images. I even might have thought so myself at one-point, but ever since I have been making films I realise that the written description does not, particularly modern description. The description of BALZAC, yes! That was made to help one to see and in the romanesque description there are moments which have the effect of an image: where one has the impression that one sees something, then in the end, the more the description evolves, the more obscure the image becomes; and at the end of the passage, instead of seeing clearly, one is completely in the dark! It has all been a momentary effect of images!

Like in a dream...

Well you see, for me, dreams are images!

...and there are no real sentences, like in a description...

Phrases appear in dreams at moments. What is quite extraordinary in the whole of the contemporary French school of Psychoanalysis, with LACAN at the head, is that, to listen to them, we would be dreaming a description, an account made of words. LACAN says at the outset: "The unconscious is structured like a language," and, starting from there, he totally dismisses dream images in favor of the description of the images of dreams. The account in many instances, being made, not by the dreamer but by the analyst! FREUD's accounts are usually made by him and the minute you do this, you are displacing the dream itself towards the written text. I feel very strongly

that, at that moment, the images are destroyed. Word games replace the play of images.

...but FREUD's images, those that interested him in dreams, were surely symbolic, and described first by the patient... already they were not true images...

During a dream I see things, and if one had to make the comparison with dreams; films would have a certain rapport with dreams, and the novel-with the description of the dream; which for me is quite another matter, i.e., as soon as one starts to describe images, one has another object. This object is the description itself, the image. This is the reason I have never made films out of my novels, for they are two separate activities. MARGUERITE DURAS makes films out of her own novels, for me it would be unthinkable! *Your cine-romans (cine-novels) that you also write are therefore something completely different!*

What I call a cine-roman is a piece similar to that of an opera or some such work, on top of which for GLISSEMENTS PROGRESSIFS DU PLAISIR (Editions de Minuit: 1974), there is the additional difference that it is the creative adventure of the film. As no scenario was used from the outset, it is the account of how the film transformed itself.

Yes, I see, because there are annotations as to whether a scene was used or not...

I am writing about an initial project, which underwent modifications during the shooting and then about its final structure, very boring, quite unreadable, just intended for the pros... and which is very simple.

But I find that this part makes fascinating reading!

Yes, but its really the record of each 'take': a record which is in itself strange because while GLISSEMENT... is a film almost about nothing in images (three lines outline a 'take'), there is all the same, the possible choice of elements in the image. The image remains universal, it is a totality. The images in a cine-roman

are a choice of various elements, made by me, and I imagine that someone could describe the film quite differently by selecting different elements. Let me ask you about something in your work that has always puzzled me. Authors often seem to be obsessed by some detail in life, and your obsession appears to be numbers. Why? Haha! I don't know!

You are always counting something! I'm sure I really don't know, but the numbers exist! The critics at first offered the explanation that I was not a true writer but a real engineer, which is quite absurd! The idea is idiotic, but in my own defence I will point out that these sums and calculations run through the whole of contemporary literature. Do you remember MOLLOY the pebbles in a pocket that are counted as they pass back and forth between the pockets? Or what about another of the great works of modern writing THE CONSCIENCE OF ZENO by ITALO SVEVO, JOYCE's great friend? The entire book is taken up with counting the number of cigarettes that he smoked because at the beginning of the book he decides to give up smoking! The whole book is one long addition of the cigarettes he has smoked, marked, as I remember, on the walls of his room! I myself am very struck by the proximity between the counting of the banana trees in JEALOUSY, the counting of the pebbles in MOLLOY's pockets, the counting of the cigarettes by Italo Svevo!

... and you also get into the counting of wrist-watches in THE VOYAGE.

Yes, and so one can't help thinking about the counting that goes on in certain accounts of 'sick' people. In the book ONANISM AND HOMOSEXUALITY by Wilhelm STEKEL there appear case histories of this nature, about obsessional counting. The whole account is often made up of sums and figures, almost identical to those I spoke of in literature. They could be identical! Now the analysts have linked all this counting to onanism. Of course one can tie anything to onanism, the minute one gets this explanation, one is reassured! Even so, I must admit that this obsession with numbers reappears with astonishing frequency both in modern theatre and in mental case-histories. It's an interesting fact!

I believe that there is also a scatological explanation, no? Yes! Yes!

... people who make little piles of something...? Yes! Yes!

... like all those ladies who collect six of this and a dozen of that.

Yes... and scatology is linked to what Freud called anal eroticism and in the accounts of counted numbers, in STEKEL I believe, he reveals one which is the counting of specks of excrement on the walls of a public lavatory. It is a case-history which must come from homosexual onanism and in France there exists also what is called 'the commas': excrement marks made with the point of a finger. In any case, in the writings of STEKEL about onanism and homosexuality towards the end of the book, it becomes apparent that everyone is an onanist and that everybody is homosexual, that it is not at all restricted to the 'patients' and their histories, but that it's just the banal tendency of any individual. In this case, it becomes if you wish, a theory of information describing probability, meaning that it is no longer information on anything! I find it rather

interesting when scientific people impose a word or concept on a form; it's always interesting to examine the concept. If you say to them: "But you know, I'm not one bit of an onanist!", they reply: "But those are the worst, the ones that don't know that they are! Because if you knew you were, you wouldn't need all that counting that comes from suppressing the onanism!"

You mean that you can't win with psychiatrists as with the old saying "Mummy always knows best!"

Yes! It's like Marxism, it's a closed system which imposes its own argument onto anything.

But if you count so much, is it because of onanism or because you are fully aware of all the explanations and so in a way take-off on case-histories you have read?

No! I discovered STEKEL's case-

your new venture with BOB RAUSCHENBERG? Does this have anything to do with the freedom of choices you spoke of in connection with the cine-roman?

A little bit. But here again, it's very different. I do not like illustrated texts where a writer writes a text and a painter or illustrator makes images which are accepted as representing the text.

Practically photos?

Yes, I hate that! It is much more interesting to have images by the painter inspired by the text. This is already something else, the text has already shifted out of focus, I mean that the painter is no longer making a representation of the text, but is expressing the sensations suggested to him by the text, and even more interesting, I believe, is what I suggested to RAUSCHENBERG. In this case the



In the Robbe-Grillet mood: a love scene from "Marienbad."

histories quite recently and because I now have an explanation, it interests me much less to count! I remember the extremely long passage of counting banana trees in JEALOUSY. They were planted on a piece of land which was quite irregular in shape: neither a square, nor a rectangle nor a trapezoid. It was a misshapen plot with one curved border and in which the trees were planted on a precise diagonal! Perhaps you are an onanistic agronomist!

I picked banana trees for JEALOUSY because it's the only fruit tree which has no season. It is an anti-humanistic tree for this reason. The rhythm of the seasons, the growing of wheat in particular, is an important tradition in literature. Planting and reaping are important. That's why I chose the banana tree which flouts tradition.

... which you are also doing, I hear, in

text and the graphic art should be of about the same density and importance as though there were fragments of text and fragments of images: as though, to describe a dream, you used in part my words and in part images proposed by RAUSCHENBERG. The whole, at times, resembles in some way a part of the text and at other times resembles something quite different. These different elements are the ones I take in exchange. There have been five exchanges. I sent a first text to BOB, who sent me back a series of lithos; I sent off a second text, and there were five exchanges like this, between Paris and Long Island.

It almost sounds like a 'folie a deux': that very rare form of madness in which two (or more) people can share the identical delusions, obsessions, hallucinations etc!

That is perhaps a little bit of what I did with RESNAIS when he was directing MARIENBAD... I mean, it's very strange to see how RESNAIS respected every instruction and yet transformed everything! It was more like two follies than one! Two follies that melted into one! Perhaps a love story is not a double folly, but two crazes that get mixed together!

So in other words, RAUSCHENBERG will approach your text from his unconscious rather than analytically? I don't know.

I mean that he is going to wait for the text to strike him more or less on a subconscious level, no? He is going to let himself be raped by the text and not try to understand it?

Yes, but we must look and see what sort of RAUSCHENBERGS we are talking about. We are dealing with the experiments that he has been making for some time which start out with him selecting and cutting out certain images from magazines. On a practical level, how do we work together? He receives my text and reads it. He does not start sketching, he starts to thumb through some magazines: we therefore now have a second generator of inspiration. He now begins then with the choice and the arrangement of the images. There is a certain repetitiveness of image, but these have already been gleaned from magazines.

You see, in the old days the artist was supposed to wrench expression out of his subconscious, as though out of a chasm. I think we've given up on that to the extent that the subconscious is no longer private property. It is more of an ideological or social phenomenon; there is certainly a collective subconscious. There are images that belong to me, but which are not my private property, which belong equally to you, to others: to anyone who belongs to the same society. This thought makes one modify one's idea of the work of an artist: writer, cineaste, painter, anyone. He is no longer someone who produces from his innermost being, the unknown, the unique and the marvellous. On the contrary, he is someone who discovers within himself the banality of the images proposed to him by society, and that is something quite different.

But surely BOB has much more liberty than you, because he can find, say, a Cadillac on one page of a magazine and a baby on another and stick the two together? It's all pure coincidence that those particular magazines were there in the first place. Whereas you, by the very nature of sentences, have to have more sequence in your thoughts.

No I don't really think so, because you see, for example in the cine-roman GLISSEMENT... you can see how one scene is in an apartment, then suddenly an object appears which is not in the apartment at all, which has been photographed elsewhere, or else suddenly there is the sea, lapping against the sand. I think everyone has the same liberty. The traditional writer is not free because he is conditioned by the ideology of causality, continuity. ONCE ONE IS LIBERATED FROM THAT.....

NEXT MONTH: AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG, GIVING HIS FEELINGS ABOUT THIS PROJECT AND THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HIS IMAGES AND ROBBER-GILLET'S TEXT.

Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson

Speak freely about Come As You Are, their hot new album on Warner Bros.:

What excites you about Come As You Are?

Ashford: It's us as performers and how we feel, as opposed to a collection of songs.

Simpson: We wanted to dare to let the public know how we think and what's going on upstairs, so we kind of got into our personal selves and some of our beliefs and how we live. It's more of a concept album.

Have you ever written for a specific artist?

Ashford: We have adapted. "Ain't No

Mountain" was adapted after the original version to stylize Diana's voice.

When the two of you are writing a song, does one of you write the melody and one of you write the lyrics, or do you both write together?

Simpson: Nick writes all of the lyrics and I write most of the music, but he comes in with melody lines or little bits of piano that he wants to hear or whatever, because he is very musical too.

Whose idea was the cover photo for Come As You Are?

Ashford: At the photo sessions, after we put on the best clothes and take some pictures, we always say, "Well, let's just put on some clothes. Some bummies."

Simpson: And that's kind of how it turned out.

Ashford & Simpson's Come As You Are.

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Sports Section

THE BICENTENNIAL KID

By Doug Payne & Jamie James

We laid rubber on the L.I. Expressway, late for a date with Ernie Schlegel, the Bicentennial Kid. The lobby of the Garden City Bowl drips tangerine drapes down the face of its mirrored walls. Banners announcing the AMF Pro Classic streamed overhead. Outside the press room, somebody's mother sat behind folding tables topped with ebony velvet & an army of wholesale jewelry. "These are nice. These are nice too . . . These are nice as well." We were met by the uncouth promoter who introduced us to Cathy Schlegel, Ernie's wife. We would meet Ernie later. We wanted to see this man bowl.

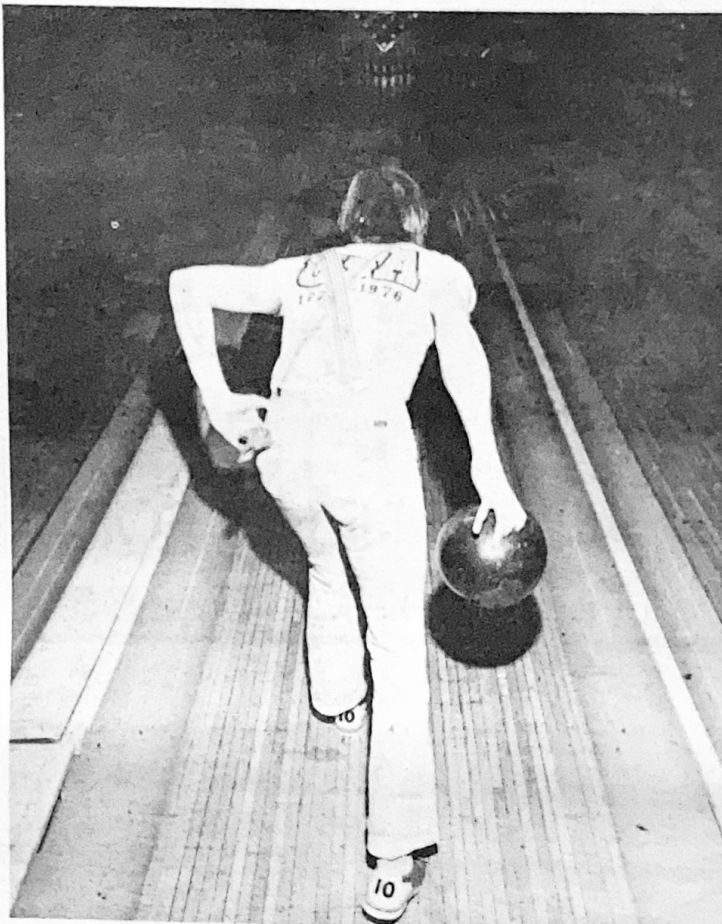
As we peeked over bouffants & toupees three deep behind the stands, trying to catch a glimpse of the action, our collective eye was caught by a lovely brunette sporting a powder blue mini-dress & a tasseled sateen ribbon proclaiming her Miss AMF Pro Classic. She would be delighted to talk with us.

Miss AMF Pro Classic turned out to be Judi Forster, a sweet young insurance rater from Freeport, L.I., who somewhat resembled a well-appointed daughter of the later President Johnson. Miss AMF Pro Classic had no idea how she was selected Miss AMF Pro Classic. Her aunt is the Head Scorekeeper of Nassau County. Miss AMF Pro Classic loves bowling & wishes more people did it. She can't say just why she loves bowling, but it has something to do with the fact that bowling takes skill—"It's something you can get better in." When we asked Miss AMF Pro Classic what she thought about the Bicentennial Kid, she beamed in the rosy glow of the Garden Room's fake candlelight.

"It's hard to say. You see, I don't really know these bowlers that well. He seems to me to be very patriotic this year. He wants people to know he's from the United States of America & it doesn't matter where in the United States—it's all equal. This is our Bicentennial year, & this is what he wants to be known as—the Bicentennial Kid."

Then we tried to get back into the action of the tournament, but there wasn't enough to keep us away from the cocktail lounge. The Garden Room is a little slice of Houston in Long Island. It's too perfect for Long Island. As a shag-coiffed Mediterranean type churned out the Roberta Flack & John Denver, we sank into the black naugahyde plush of the Garden Room & talked about baseball.

Walking into the coffee shop adjacent to the Garden Room is like pulling into a subway station. The cakestands & aluminum milk machine glowered in the fluorescent glow. The folks in the kitchen, sucking on panatellas, stood around a Sony watching Muhammad Ali pummel a hapless Belgian in a different sort of athletic contest. The first great black bowler has yet to step up to the foul line.



On the lanes.

Judi Buie

When we noticed the Garden Room swelling with fans, we moved to the door of the dressing room to wait for the Bicentennial Kid to emerge. The dressing room is in the basement. After the Kid bestowed kisses on a cloud of senior citizens & worshipping tykes, we pitched camp on Alley 21.

The Bicentennial Kid is a bright fish

in a bland pond. Although the Kid bowled very well, scarfing up two G's for himself, he didn't make the TV finals. The familiar faces who went on to win the big bucks are a pack of dour oatmeal merchants who all look like Herb Clutter. Unlike the doubleknit humdrum that they wear, the Kid's outfit sets off red & blue sequins & silver

stars against white satin. With puffed sleeves.

The main thing people hear about you is "The Bicentennial Kid". Why the Bicentennial Kid?

Public relations, that's where the money is. It's a gimmick. I don't live anywhere. I don't have no established apartment or household.

So that's why you call the U.S.A. your hometown?

Yeah, out here you want the people to know you. You make one TV show & you want to make an impression . . . And each time I was on it, I started getting more letters, & people asking questions about it, & I liked it. And I started to play it up more & more. It's started to pay off.

Do you, as a pro bowler, have something to say to the country?

No, not really. In a way yes, in a way no. I'm patriotic in my own way. To me, I don't think I'd have had this opportunity to make this type of money anywhere else.

What do the other guys think of you coming on as the Bicentennial Kid?

They think I'm crazy. I'm a new thing to bowling, nobody has ever tried to dress up. Barry Asher has, quite often. He wears the mod dungarees. And he was the first one to wear long sleeve shirts on the TV show & it really made an impression. Everyone knew who he was after that.

Where do you think bowling fits into the American sports scene?

I'm not sure. I can't think too good right now. The pins are still falling down in my mind . . . This is the fastest growing sport in the United States right now . . . I feel this is helping bowling, the more outlandish, the more mod, to get the big sponsors, that's where the money is . . . Not everybody can do every other sport. And this sport, anyone can play, it doesn't matter how young you are, it doesn't matter how old you are, tall, thin—it doesn't matter.

Who's your favorite sports star, in bowling, or otherwise?

Me.

How much are you on the road?

About 35 weeks a year. And when I'm home I'm bowling too.

So what do you do, Ernie, to kill time?

I go to movies. When I have my free time, I like to spend it with my friends, doing things & getting together. I enjoy that more than anything.

Ernie, is there anything about your bowling technique that makes you unique or gives you a certain advantage?

I'm very accurate. I'm a pocket shooter. I'm somewhat like Earl Anthony—keep the ball straight, hit the pocket, hit it enough times & the pins fall & you go on to victory.

Let's call it quits, champ, you look like you've had quite a workout.

That's okay. No matter how much it hurts, you've really got to want to bowl.



Miss AMF Pro Classic, Judi Forster with the Bicentennial Ernie Schlegel.

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ART IN VIEW EXHIBIT/IONISM

by Ronnie Cutrone



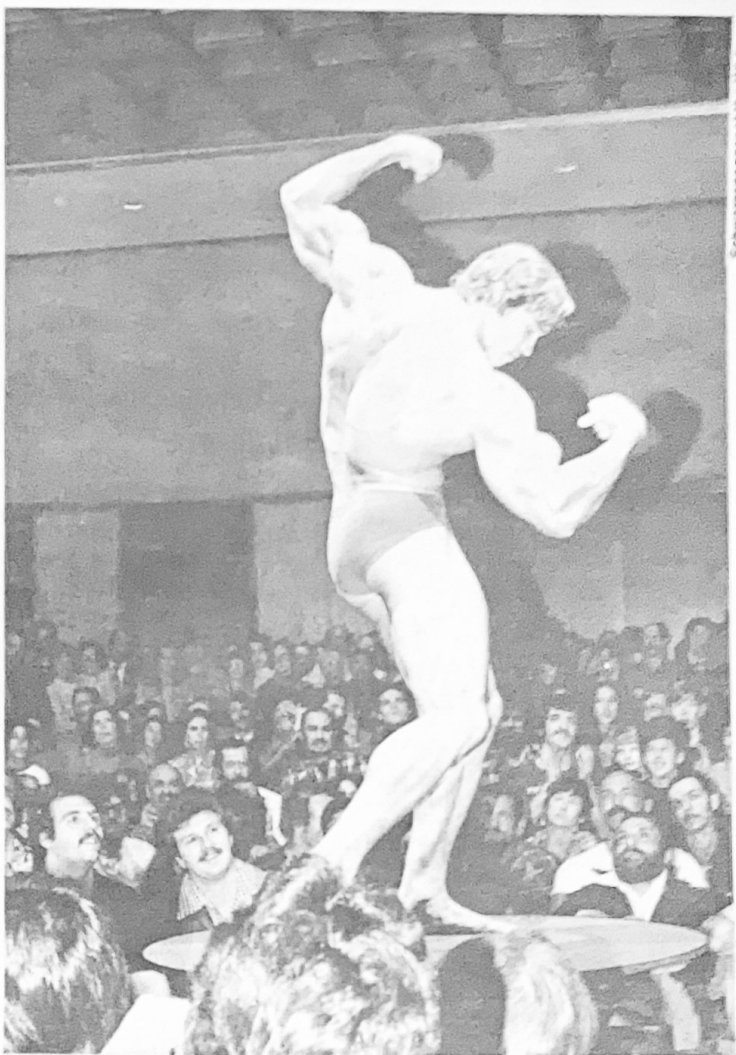
It's silly to talk about exhibitionism in art since the "art exhibit" is usually the goal of every artist, but when the artist himself is the exhibit, it gets even sillier and deserves mention.

STEPHEN VARBLE is just such a borderline case between artist and exhibitionist. His outlandish costumed appearances at some of New York's biggest events have provoked both laughter and bitter criticism. Some say he is frivolous, not serious, and an exploiter of gallery space. I would agree except for the part about not being serious. I'm tired of accusations of frivolity. If more artists kept their seriousness in the studio, and put some fun in their shows, I would have more to write about and enjoy. After all, Duchamp was frivolous when he signed common urinals and bottle racks, but he played chess, and that's pretty serious. I am by no means comparing Varble to Duchamp, but if days of preparation in his studio for one appearance is any indication of a latent serious nature—then Varble has it covered. Recently he asked me to

accompany him on a Saturday afternoon gallery tour. I was open for an afternoon of ridicule, and accepted the invitation. Besides, I always wondered how he got around the streets of N.Y.C. looking like a Christmas tree, and wanted to film it. He arrived to pick me up in a borrowed Rolls Royce, complete with Japanese body guard and chauffeur. His body was bound in cut strips from a rubber inner tube with the valve highlighting his crotch, and he wore a white beaded headdress around his face which was completely made up in shades of purple and lavender blue. His shoes were also hand beaded along with each rubber strip. As a wrap he wore a red fish net number hemmed in gold chocolate wrappers. In a haze of garrish beauty we set off for the calm of Saturday Soho and Madison Avenue.

I am a close friend to the talkative suit and tie Varble, but this day I had to learn to observe and befriend a living objet d'art posing before immense modern sculpture and super realist paintings. People would shout, "Are you for real?", and Varble, in complete silence, would flutter an eyelash or two as living proof of his reality. The hostility would mount as he invaded an art dealer's gallery space and detract from the show, but on the whole the reaction was great and included touches of approval (Varble does not wear a please do not touch sign), and the body guard wasn't needed.

A few of Varble's other costumes include: a floor length tunic of piano keys and fresh lettuce; an Elizabethan dress replete with farthingale of pink and white tulle and egg cartons for Joseph Beuys N.Y. arrival; a short skirted affair of pipe cleaners and chicken bones and laminated french fries with milk carton tits; a 35mm slide dress with a headdress of pages from a famous pop artist's book; an oversized baby outfit of styrofoam and blue lace which makes Mr. Varble about ten feet tall and five feet wide; and a pink and blue piped satin coat



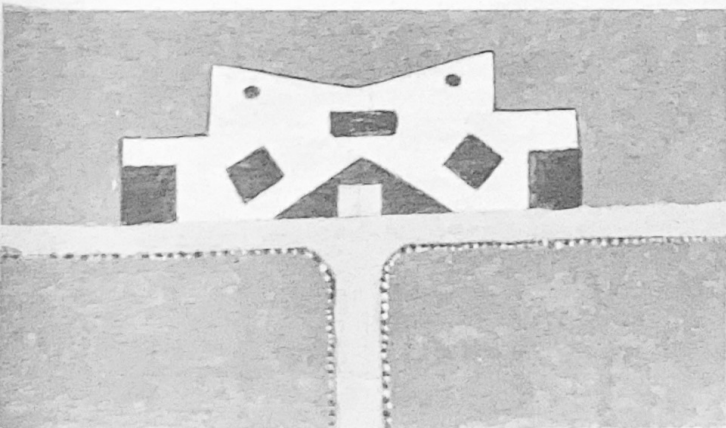
with a bedspring headdress and piggy bank tits that drip pennies which stole the show at the opening of Rizzoli's Fashion As Fantasy.

His works will be on view in his studio at 176 Franklin St. during the last three weeks of April, 1-6 daily, 966-3637.

Following my afternoon with Varble, the Whitney Museum celebrated the book PUMPING IRON with an evening of blatant exhibitionism of muscular achievement by such body building greats as ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER and FRANK ZANE, and presented them as living art to a crowd of 2,500

voyeurs. The situation was great with the entire fourth floor of the Whitney empty except for a small revolving table in the center to exhibit these 20th century Michaelangelo's. Unfortunately, to fill time, there was a panel discussion and slide show by art historians which, to say the least, made me twitchy; but again the living art approach was a crowd pleaser.

Miss Living Art herself, DELIA DOHERTY just had a show of her art/fashions elegantly presented on the top floor of the Beekman Towers, but I hope to have more on that next time.



One of Edward Patrick Byrne's paintings on view at Kronen Gallery.

EDWARD PATRICK BYRNE

Edward Patrick Byrne was born in Missouri in 1877 and died there in 1974. Relatives, friends and neighbors remember him as a person always interested in keeping up with the times. "Be modern," he said.

He experimented with the newest techniques in farming and gardening, no matter how impractical. He believed in God and country. Politics were always on his mind. He read to people who couldn't read so they could "keep up."

The last thirteen years of his life he started to paint. His subjects were: utopian homes for the New Land, delightful, witty comments on the people of today and reminiscences of farm animals that he deeply loved.

This blend of future and fantastic puts Edward Patrick Byrne into a long line of American visionaries.

Edward Patrick Byrne's paintings are on view this month at the Kronen Gallery, 1094 Madison Avenue.

ROBERT PALMER

SPEAKS TO LANCE LOUD

ROBERT PALMER is young, good looking, tremendously talented as a singer-songwriter in the disco-oriented rhythm and blues vein who has two albums out, "Sneaking Sally Through the Alley" and "Pressure Drop," both of which have caught on incredibly fast for someone who, before them, was basically an unknown in America.

He has been labeled by the music people who are 'in the know' as someone to definitely keep an eye on and at all costs, get a listen to, and will in fact be on view with an astounding band later this spring at the Bottom Line.

High atop one of the finer and more formidable Manhattan towers, Robert consented to do an interview, impromptu on a Saturday night. A party was in full swing, sometimes splashing into the center of the interview and the music always in competition with the Q/A format. Robert remained his usual cheery, intelligent self, ready and willing ... not to even mention able ... to open up his uncharted terrain to the United States research duo appointed to explore this new talent. With his wife Sue by his side, Robert Palmer was played with everything from alcohol to aggravation by CHRISTOPHER LEVIN and LANCE LOUD. Here are the results:

To get a basic framework, how old are you?

RP: Jus' stick it (referring to microphone), 28.

Where were you raised?

RP: Malta. I was innocent till I was ten, joined a group when I was 15 and went professional when I was 20.

What did you listen to when you were growing up?

RP: Lena Horne and Nat King Cole. Lance ...

Hmm? Oh! I was going to ask you, what was the name of your first group?

RP: The Mandrakes.

What did you derive your style from?

RP: It comes quite naturally.

Were there monkeys in Malta?

RP: No, that's Gibraltar.

Between the time you were fifteen and

twenty, what made you want to go professional?

RP: I couldn't avoid it. I was working as a graphic designer doing adverts for ass'oles, from nine o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening. I'd then go over to my flat, get washed and in a half an hour the bus would come to take me to my gig and I'd play till four in the morning, I'd get up again at 8 that morning to be at work by nine. We toured around England on our holidays playin' gigs. We opened the show for the Who when they were called the High Numbers. Also for the Move (everyone in the room with an ounce of Pop appreciation and a thimble-full of English rock history flipflops with appreciation over this fact).

If you had to pick where your 'roots' came from where would that be?

RP: American R'n'B.

Have you ever listened to modern jazz? Harmonic, Modern, JAZZ?

RP: Hmm, lots of things. I might buy a whole album for just one cut, I like many forms of music, in their best moments.

How do you act when you perform?

RP: I don't act.

Well, what do you do?

RP: I go up there and am natural.

Do you dress in your street clothes or do you dress up?

RP: I like to dress up. . .

In hot pants?

RP: No, I don't wear hot pants, although I like people who wear them. "walkin' down the street, tryin' to be mellow, they give me the fever, like any other fellow!"

Do you have any groupies?

RP: No, not any more. It's terrible!

Why?

RP: Why is it terrible? Because they are very wonderful. Why don't I have them? Perhaps it's 'cause I haven't toured in two years, or that my hair is too short.

When are you planning on performing again?

RP: About six weeks. My first American tour, starting in New Orleans.

Are you going to have go-go girls?

RP: There is an atmosphere that makes them all a go-go.

Who are your side men going to be?

RP: Um, well, I can't advertise that right now.

Who are your current inspirations?

RP: Well, Commander Ebenezer and his International Brothers are an African group that I admire greatly.

So you do have some black roots.

What kind of vision do you have? Are you a twenty/twenty blonde?

RP: I'm a taint near-sighted; in order to stay myself, not become cynical and lose my romance.

Now that you're living in New York and getting your band together, do you find there is a difference between the New York people and English people?

RP: Yes, a little, it's a totally different language although it goes under the same name.

How strongly does romance figure in to your life?

RP: It is in everything. In love, sex, my sense of humor, my music, its opposite is something I want to avoid, although I am not quite sure what its opposite is ... cynicism I suppose. Romance is what I like, it has to do with the will; what description you impose on events. How you weight it with the language you choose to describe it with—even if you don't use words. I would like to dis-invent cynicism.

Which of your albums is your favorite?

RP: I like both of them, every part; I enjoy them immensely, they were fun to do, they sound very good to listen to so I really can't be objective to them.

Would you rather people make love or dance to your music?

RP: If I knew that a person would like to make love while listening to my record ... that'd be nice.

Does the music industry, the business end of things, come as a disillusionment of sorts?

RP: Yes it does, I have to turn it into a board game, like "Snakes and Ladders," otherwise it would certainly depress me a bit.

Is success important to you?

RP: Yeah.

Just so that more people hear your

music or on a more personal level?

RP: Well, I only gather as much energy as I find out about and the more I find out about, the more I'll be able to do.

I've noticed that when you walk into a room full of animated people, you tend to be an observer, is that how you act onstage? Or are you a total projection of whatever idea you want to get across?

RP: Well I can't impose that much will on my actions. I mean, if I feel moody, I will go on and act moody, I'm not going to pretend I'm not. I mean, the total purpose of the performance is to get across your feelings, marching and jumping around up there when you're feeling totally differently is no way to do that.

What do you dislike in the music field today?

RP: The only thing that offends me is bitterness, vindictiveness ...

Don't you think that some of the cynicism and bitterness in R'n'B is what the music's about?

RP: No, it's the ambition that you hear there, it may well be the ambition to break out, but it is in no way negative. To me cynicism in music is spending your time trying to get a top ten hit instead of making music that you are proud of.

In terms of what you play now, do you find yourself very contemporary?

RP: So contemporary that weeks after the most recent music I've done, I think it sounds old-fashioned.

Does Jazz have any influence on your music?

RP: Uh, no, not really. Jazz to me means already resolved issues played by old men. I prefer Herbie Hancock doing disco hits.

Pardon me, but do you buy American clothes?

RP: Well, not yet, I haven't had the time, but I do buy BVD V-neck tee shirts, I think they look great.

What kind of underwear do you wear? Boxers ... briefs, bikinis?

RP: Jockey-shorts. Black with white trim.

... ah, do you ever go out without any underwear at all?

RP: That depends on the scene.

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BOB COLACELLO'S

OUT

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, 1976, BONN, WEST
GERMANY—Bought the new MINOX 35EL,
the smallest 35mm camera made, and gave
up writing.



My first photo: roomservice still life, HOTEL
BRISTOL, Bonn.



FRIDAY, FEB. 20, NAPLES—Photographed
the NATIVES.



Then lunched at LANGOUSTINA
NEWBERG'S apartment.



The MAID was very well-dressed.



TUESDAY, FEB. 24, NEW YORK—French
Consul General and Mrs. GAUSSEN gave a
party for PIERRE CARDIN.



RICKY VON OPEL was there...



...with a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE.



BOB DENNING was there, too.



TUESDAY, MARCH 2—Went to GINGER
ROGER's opening at the WALDORF.
ALEXIS SMITH was there with her hair-
dresser, JOE TUBENS.



EARL BLACKWELL, EARL WILSON, and
EUGENIA SHEPPARD were there.



After the show the celebs, including
SYLVIA MILES and MARISA BERENSON,
went up to GINGER's suite.



GINGER was all smiles.



Then MARISA and I went to MARINA
SCHIANO's for some pasta. MARK SHAND
was there.



And HARRY FANE.



SATURDAY, MARCH 6, BROOKLYN—Went
to the Lights! Camera! Auction! to benefit
Culture in Brooklyn. Sat at the star table
with MONIQUE VAN VOOREN, HERMIONE
GINGOLD...



...and Mr. and Mrs. ROBIN MOORE.



MONDAY, MARCH 8, NY—Picked up ABC-
star JOAN LUNDEN and...



... went to the grand re-opening of the
PLAYBOY CLUB.

in New York, Naples, Bonn, New Orleans



BARBIE BENTON and HUGH HEFNER greeted us.



TUESDAY, MARCH 9—BOB WILSON (right) showed drawings on the floor and sculptures on the ceiling of IOLAS GALLERY.



THURSDAY, MARCH 11—Iranian Ambassador and Mrs. HOVEYDA gave a party for REGINE.



CANDICE BERGEN was there.



And SUZY;



PYROS NIARCHOS and PEPPPO VANNINI;



The GILMANS:



VINCENT FREMONT and CAROL LYNLEY;



LESTER PERSKY;



MARION JAVITS and DIANE VON FURSTENBERG.



SUNDAY, MARCH 14, NEW ORLEANS—Toured the French Quarter with TINA FREEMAN and ANN STRACHAN.



Then went to an opening at the FREEMAN-ANACKER GALLERY. The director, EDMOND GAULTNEY III, posed with JIMMY COLEMAN.



CHARLES ANACKER posed with DARYL JORDAN and ANN STRACHAN.



BITSY MOUTON was there;



INGERSOLL JORDAN;



DIANE SUSTENDAHL, of the Picayune-Times, and her BROTHER;



DAVID JOHANSON, who was in town with the DOLLS...



...and CYRINDA FOXE

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Jada Albert



Lord and Taylor launches Lee Radziwill, decorator



Carmen d'Alessio, the Infanta of Infinity, launches herself

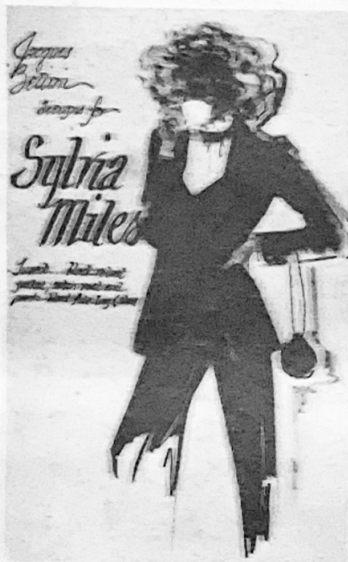


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Sam Le Tulle, Mica Ertegun, Mary McFadden and Ahmet Ertegun launch Doubles

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DELIA'S DÉFILÉ



Designer Delia Dottermy (center) proves that fashion is alive in NYC.



A collage of Delia designs.



Triumphant Linda Hutton in the basic black sheath.



Body-hug models
in green-purple bathing suit.



Model Michele Long
double and un-crossing the English Flannel.



Dropcloth couture.

All photos by Allan Tannenbaum

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JO: Isn't there someplace new we can go?

LR: But you adore Shad while I love the Roe!

TC: A meal of Veal is lighter than air, but tonight I really must have Roast Hare!

RR: Would I have any luck finding Duck in Red Wine?

PM: Is there anything fit should a Queen come to dine?

ERII: Some of Granny's own sauces? Some rather nice wine?

W: I'm so bored with the hoard, in a pique with the chic! There's but one place to dine that's truly unique!

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Diana Vreeland (center), The Queen of Regine's and Her Court



Odile Rubirosa arrives



VIP-VP, Bloomingdale's
Lenny Rosenberg and wife Kathy



No Exit: Ethel Scull and Aline Franzen



Mannequin and mannequin-dresser:
Joe McDonald and Candy Pratt



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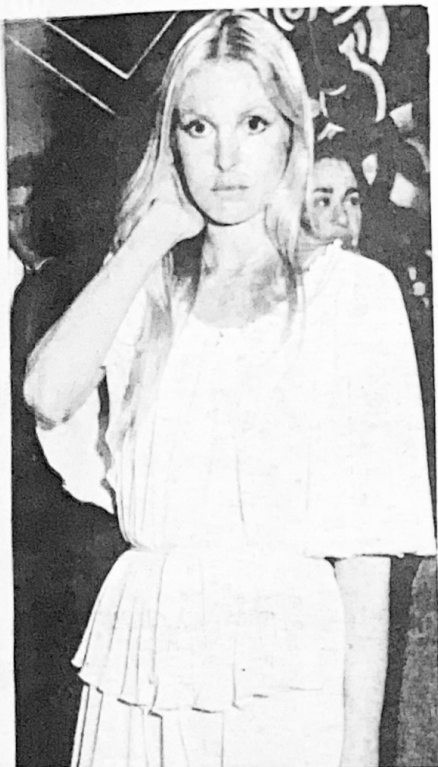
CH & DINNER CREDIT CARDS HONORED

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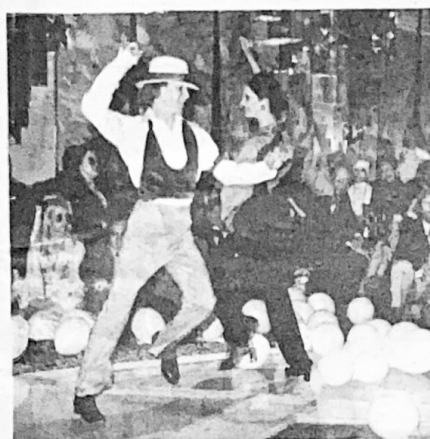


Regime's





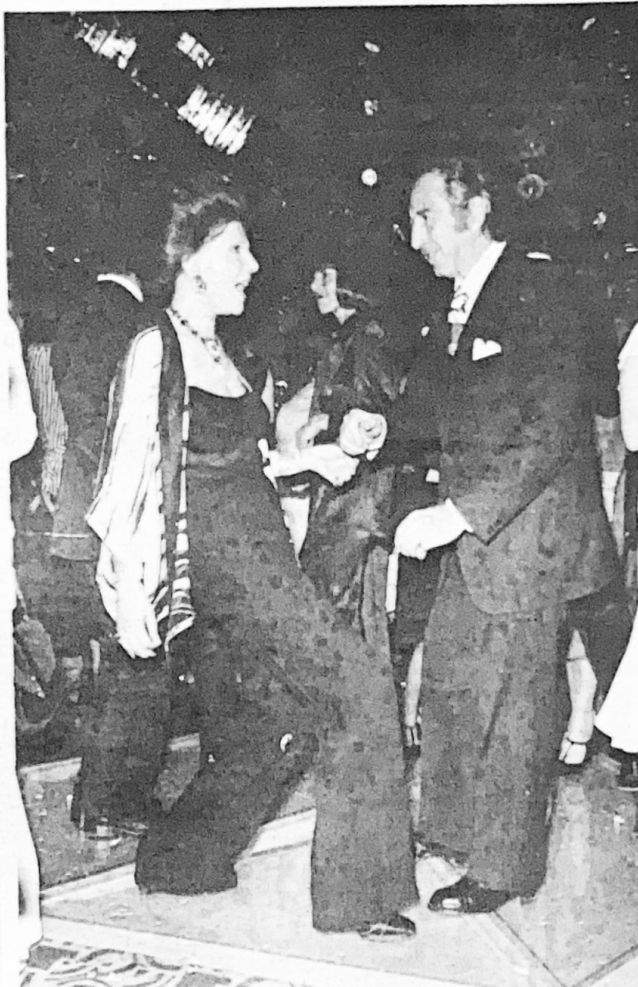
Breamy Vicky Vannini



A scene from Regine's "Ready-to-Dance" collection for Zou



Ready-to-dance and ready-to-wear:
Regine and Marina Schiano



Livia Weintraub dances



Andre Leon Talley taking notes

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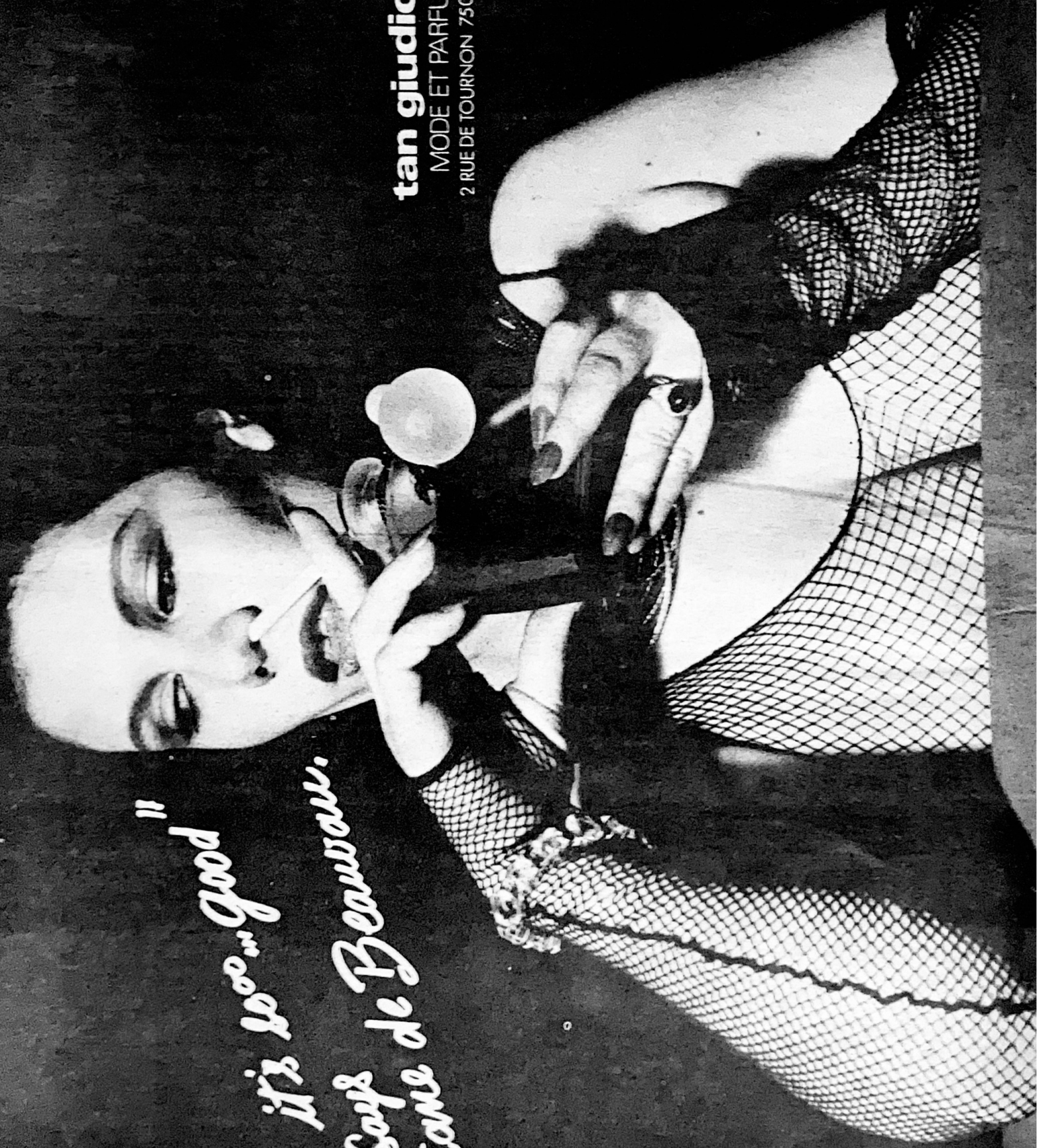


Andre Leon Talley taking notes



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Diane de Beauvoir.

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